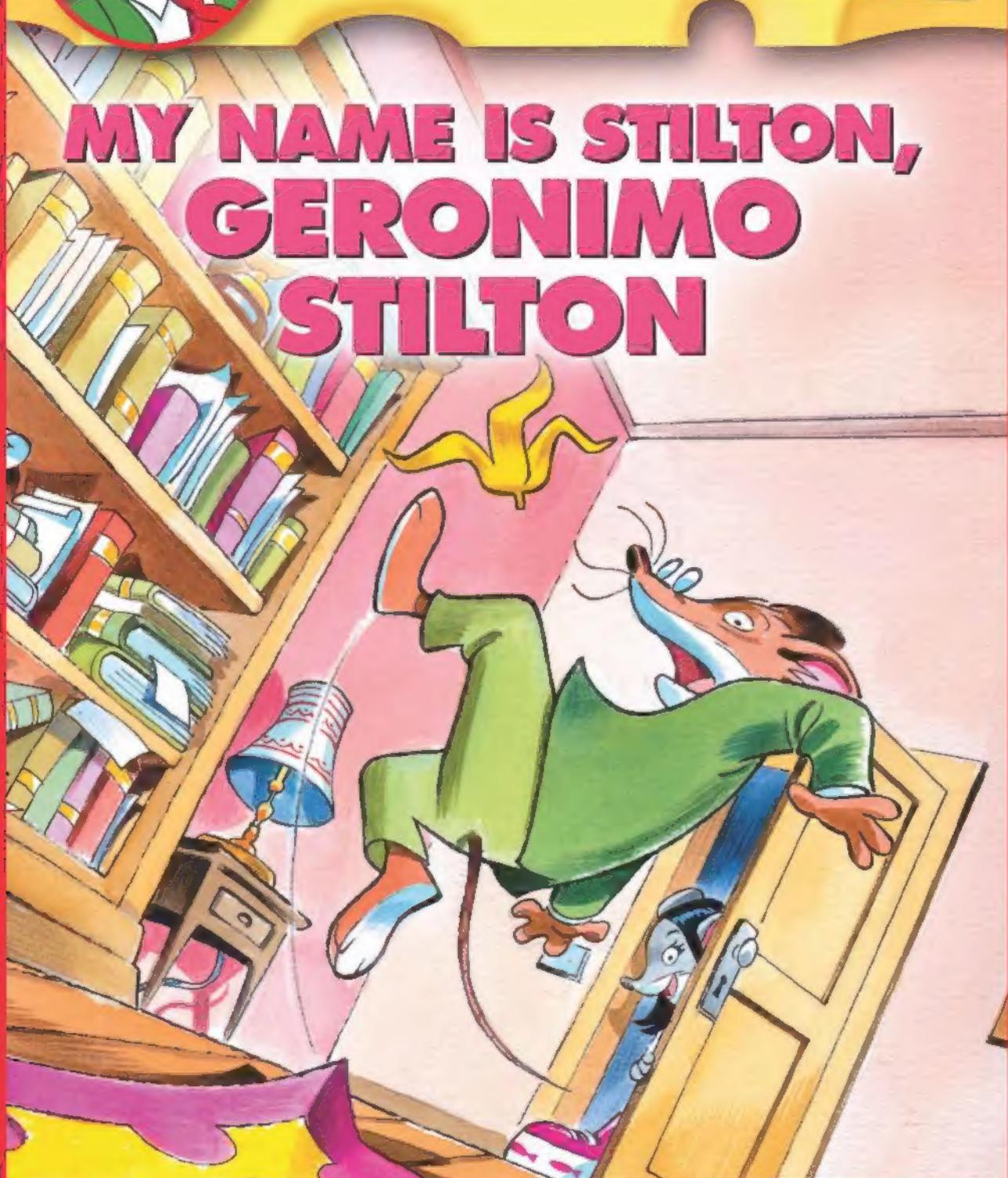




Geronimo Stilton

MY NAME IS STILTON, GERONIMO STILTON



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Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



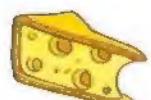
Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE

EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*



Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton

An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less



Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

MY NAME IS STILTON, GERONIMO STILTON



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www.geronimostilton.com

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MY NAME IS STILTON

My name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton. I like to think of myself as a very normal mouse.

I have a pretty normal job. I am the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*. It is the most popular newspaper in New Mouse City.



I like NORMAL things. Like *classical music* and good books. I always wear a suit and tie. I don't like to stand out in a crowd.

When I order a pizza, I take it plain. No anchovies,



please! I don't like **loud rock music**. I don't wear clothes with polka dots or stripes or **bright colors**. And I will take a slice of bland American cheese over a chunk of jalapeño hot-pepper cheese any day.

As you can see, I like my life to be calm and peaceful. I know some people might think I'm plain, or even boring. That may be true. But that is how I like it!

So why am I telling you all of this?

Let me explain.....





Too Much Work

Things were very busy at the newspaper office. I was working so hard that I had not had time to get my fur clipped in months! Something had to be done.

Then I had a great *idea*. I decided to hire an assistant. I placed an ad in the paper, and hundreds of mice sent in their résumés.

I read them all. One stood out from the rest.

“This is exactly the mouse I am looking for!”
I cried.

I called my secretary, Mousella. She came into my office.

“Mousella, please draw up a contract right



away!" I said. "I have found the perfect assistant. It says here her name is Pinky Pick. She is young and smart. She has excellent **COMPUTER** skills. And she is an expert on the latest trends. That is just what we need! A **TRENDY** mouse!"

Mousella frowned. "Don't you want to bring her in for an interview first?" she asked.

I did not want to wait. Pinky Pick sounded perfect! "There is no need for that," I said.





“I have years of experience as a newspaper editor. I just need to look a rodent in the snout to know if he or she will do a good job or not. **I CAN FEEL IT IN MY WHISKERS!** She is going to be great.”

“Of course,” Mousella said. “But, er, are you sure . . .”

“My whiskers never lie!” I snapped. I did not want to argue. I was so sure I was right!





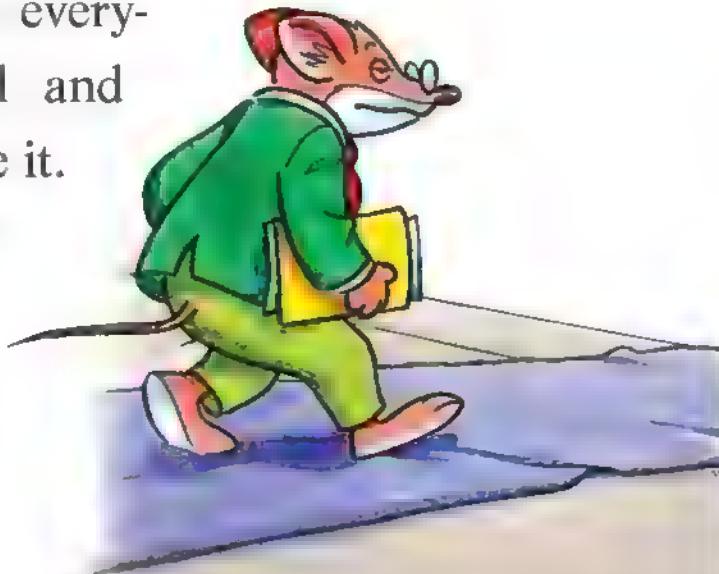
A MOUSE IN PLATFORM SNEAKERS



The next day, I woke up before sunrise. I had to get to the office early to **CATCH UP** with my work. I brushed my teeth with cheddar toothpaste. Then I got dressed and ran downstairs.

My driver was waiting for me. I got into my **car**, and we drove through the empty streets of New Mouse City. At six in the morning, everything was peaceful and quiet. Just how I like it.

The driver pulled up in front of 17 Swiss Cheese Center. I walked



A MOUSE IN  PLATFORM SNEAKERS





in the building and headed down a **long** hallway covered with cheese-yellow wallpaper. Then I opened the door to my office. Stacks of paper **COVERED** the floor and desk.

“**Cheese niblets**, this is a lot of work!” I squeaked. “Thank goodness, my new assistant will be here today.”

I closed the door behind me and went to work. At eleven

o'clock, Mousella knocked on my door. She stepped into my office.

"Mr. Stilton, the new assistant is here," she said. "But I think you should see her before she *SIGNS* the contract."

"Yes, yes, the contract," I said. I was so busy with work, I was not really listening to Mousella.

"But, Mr. Stilton, I really think you should see her," Mousella insisted.

"I am very *BUSY!*" I squeaked. "I do not need to see her. Please take care of it for me!"

Mousella looked *amazed*. "As you wish, Mr. Stilton," she said. "I will get her to sign the contract. But you should know that she has a request. She would like three months' pay in advance. She says she has *offers* from other newspapers. I told her that a

serious mouse like you would never agree to that. But it is up to you, of course.”

“Yes, yes, *whatever*,” I said. Once again, I wasn’t really listening.

Mousella left, shaking her head. I thought I saw her *smile slyly* as she closed the door.

“That is strange,” I muttered. Then I went back to work.

A minute later, there was another knock on the door.

“I said, I am very busy!”



I cried, not looking up from my work. The door opened anyway. A young female mouse stood there. She looked like she was about fourteen years old. She had gray fur and a **POINTED** snout.

But it was her outfit that really got my attention. The first thing I noticed was her shoes. **I COULD NOT BELIEVE MY EYES!**

Her shoes were enormous. They were shocking **PINK** high-top sneakers with high, see-through platform soles. Inside the platforms, pink plastic fish swam in water. A bright light flashed on and off, illuminating the fish.

The rest of her outfit was just as **RIDICULOUS**. She wore bright **green** leggings under a large **TAKE** sweatshirt. Swiss cheese holes dotted her shirt.

And that wasn't all. She had a clear plastic

backpack on her back. A diary covered in **FAKE CAT FUR** dangled from the backpack strap. It was shocking **PINK**, just like her shoes. Papers and photos stuck out from the pages. It was clamped shut with a **BIG LOCK** shaped like a cat's head.

I had never seen anything like it. Her clothes were so bright, I wished I was wearing sunglasses!





MY NAME IS PICK

“My name is **PICK!**” the brightly dressed mouse yelled.

“That’s nice, little girl,” I said, going back to my work. “My name is *Stilton, Geronimo Stilton*. If you are looking for the office of *Mini Mouse* magazine, the publication for young mouselets, you’re in the wrong place.”



“I am *not* looking for *Mini Mouse* magazine,” she said. “I told you. My name is **PICK!**”

The name sounded familiar. Then I remembered. Pinky Pick was the name of my new assistant.



“Are you looking for your mother?” I asked. “Because I am waiting for her, too. She is going to start working for me today.”

The little mouse leaned over my desk. Her eyes *glittered*.

“No, *I* am going to start working for you today,” she said. “My name is **PINKY** **PICK**. I am your new assistant. Get it, Boss?”

Nobody had ever called me boss before.

I didn’t like it.

Not one bit!





WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, BOSS?

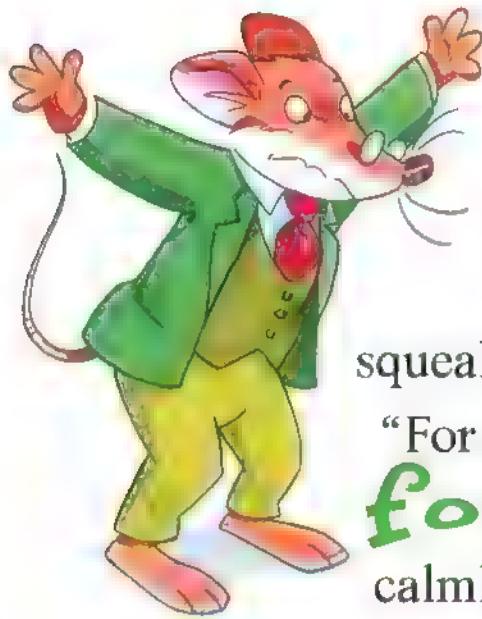
Platform sneakers? Boss? My new assistant? My head was spinning faster than the Screamin' Rat Roller Coaster at the amusement park.

**“YOU . . . YOU ARE MY NEW
ASSISTANT?”** I stammered. It could not be true.

“That’s right!” she said. She leaned back and folded her arms.

“But you’re so young!” I squeaked.

“For your information, I am already **fourteen**,” she said calmly.





I shook my snout. “That is too young to work at a newspaper.”

“That’s what you think,” she said. She held up one shocking-pink foot. “I wear size **twelve** shoes. I bet my paws are **bigger** than anyone’s on your staff. **Bigger than yours, even.**”

“I don’t care what your shoe size is,” I replied. “When I was your age, I was playing with my **TEDDY MOUSE**. Not working on a newspaper.”

Pinky Pick shrugged. “It’s not my fault you didn’t have any goals back then.”

Cheese nips! This little mouse was starting to get on my nerves.

“Listen, young lady,” I said. “I need a true professional to be my assistant. Not a little mouselet like you. Now, please run along.”

But Pinky Pick did not leave. Instead, she



sat down in the chair in front of my desk.

“So why did you hire me?” she asked softly.

“Hire you?” I cried. “Why would I hire someone like you? That’s ridiculous!”

Pinky smiled. She pulled a piece of paper out of her backpack and **WAVED** it in front of my snout. It was a contract made out to Pinky Pick. And there was my signature, *Geronimo Stilton*, right on the bottom!

“You see, Boss?” Pinky said. “You are so busy, you don’t even know what you are signing. That is why you need a good assistant like me.”

“Mousella!” I screamed. My secretary scurried into the office.

*She had a **LITTLE SMIRK** on her face.*





“Yes, Mr. Stilton?” she asked.

I grabbed the contract from Pinky Pick.

“Why did you let me sign this?” I asked.

“You should have told me she was only
fourteen.”

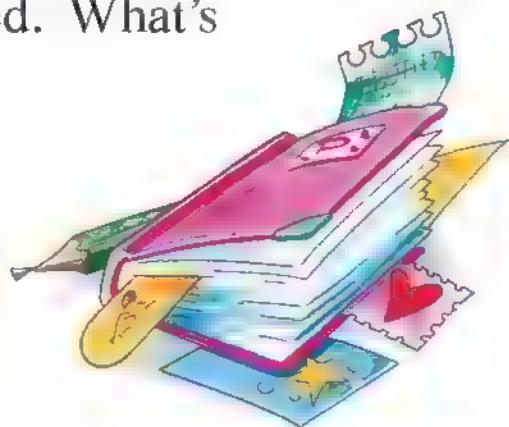
“Why, Mr. Stilton, I tried to warn you,” Mousella said in a smooth voice. “But you told me your whiskers never lie. And that you were very busy. And . . .”

“Yes, yes,” I moaned. I *had* said all of those things. “Well, we will just have to start again. Put another ad in the newspaper.”

Pinky Pick jumped up. She unclipped her big diary and **SLAMMED** it on my desk.

“Let me help you out, Boss,” she said. “Just tell me what you need. What’s your problem?”

I sighed. Of course, I could not take this little





I am looking for information on a very rare cheese.



mouse seriously. But I *did* have a problem.

“I am sure you can’t help me,” I said. “I have to find information on a very rare **cheese** for an article I am writing. I don’t even know what it’s called. It is made in a small village in the **Fossil Forest**. I need to know how it is made. And how much it costs.”

Pinky Pick grinned. “Leave it to me, Boss,” she said. “I can find anything on the **Net**. I’m a regular cheese whiz when it comes to the computer.”

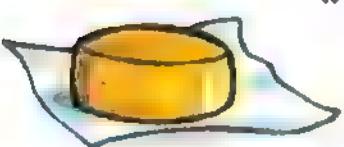
She sat down in front of the **COMPUTER** and grabbed the mouse. I didn’t try to stop her. Something told me she wouldn’t take no for an answer!



AN IMPOSSIBLE INTERVIEW

I could not believe it. Half an hour later, Pinky Pick was done.



“Here you are,” she said. “The cheese is called **Megacheese**.

It comes from the village of Little Cheeseville. They only make seven whole cheeses a year,” she said. “That is because it takes three thousand gallons of milk to make one pound of cheese! It’s **very nutritious**. And very expensive.”

“How did you do it?” I asked. I was impressed.

She shrugged. “*No sweat*,” she said.



“Anyone could do it.”

“But I searched for days, and I couldn’t find it,” I said.

“I’m sure you would have found it . . . someday,” Pinky said. Her eyes **TWINKLED**.

“Maybe I could use your help after all,” I muttered. “Just for small jobs, of course.”

“Give me another problem!” Pinky shouted. “I’m ready to go!”

I covered my ears. “Calm down!” I cried. “Your voice is **LOUDER** than your outfit.”

I looked through my notes. “Here is something,” I said. “Fuzzy Fuzzborn is in town. The **ROCK** singer. Every reporter in town wants to interview him.”

I am not a big fan of Fuzzy Fuzzborn’s. As I said before, I don’t like loud rock music. But he is one of the most popular mice on Mouse



Island. An interview with Fuzzy would be great for *The Rodent's Gazette*. There was only one problem.

"Fuzzy never gives interviews," I told Pinky. "He is a pretty cranky rat. Not even *you* could handle this one. No one can! I will find something else."

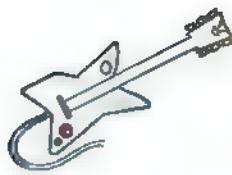
But Pinky had already strapped on her **IN-LINE SKATES**. She pushed off my desk and zoomed toward the door.

**"ONE INTERVIEW,
COMING UP!"** she cried.

I tried to jump out of the way. But there was no time.

That little mouse skated right over my tail!





TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Pinky skated in two hours later. “Here’s your interview, Boss,” she said. “I even took pictures of him!”

I was shocked. **“But Fuzzy Fuzzborn never gives interviews. To anyone!”** I squeaked. **“How did you do it?”**

Pinky sat down. She **plopped** her big platform sneakers on my desk.

“Take your fishy footwear off my desk!” I cried.

“All right, all right,” Pinky said, lowering her paws. “Don’t get your fur **frazzled**, Boss. Don’t you want to read the interview?”

To tell the truth, I wanted to read the interview very badly. An interview with Fuzzy



Pinky took a signed photo of Fuzzy out of her backpack.



Fuzzborn! What a **SCOOP!** But I didn't want Pinky Pick to see how **EXCITED** I was. She might get the wrong idea. Like that I actually wanted her to be my assistant.

Pinky winked at me. "Let me tell you all about it, *Uncle* Geronimo," she said.

"Uncle? How dare you call me that!" I shrieked.

"OK," said Pinky. "How about **Pops?**"

"You can't call me Pops, either!" I said. "Call me Mr. Stilton. I am your boss, after all."

As soon as I'd uttered the word *boss*, I realized my mistake. But it was too late.

"Aha!" Pinky said. "If you are my boss, that means I am your new assistant. Right?"

"Fine, fine!" I said. **THE LITTLE MOUSE HAD FINALLY WORN ME DOWN.** "Just show me the interview, please!"

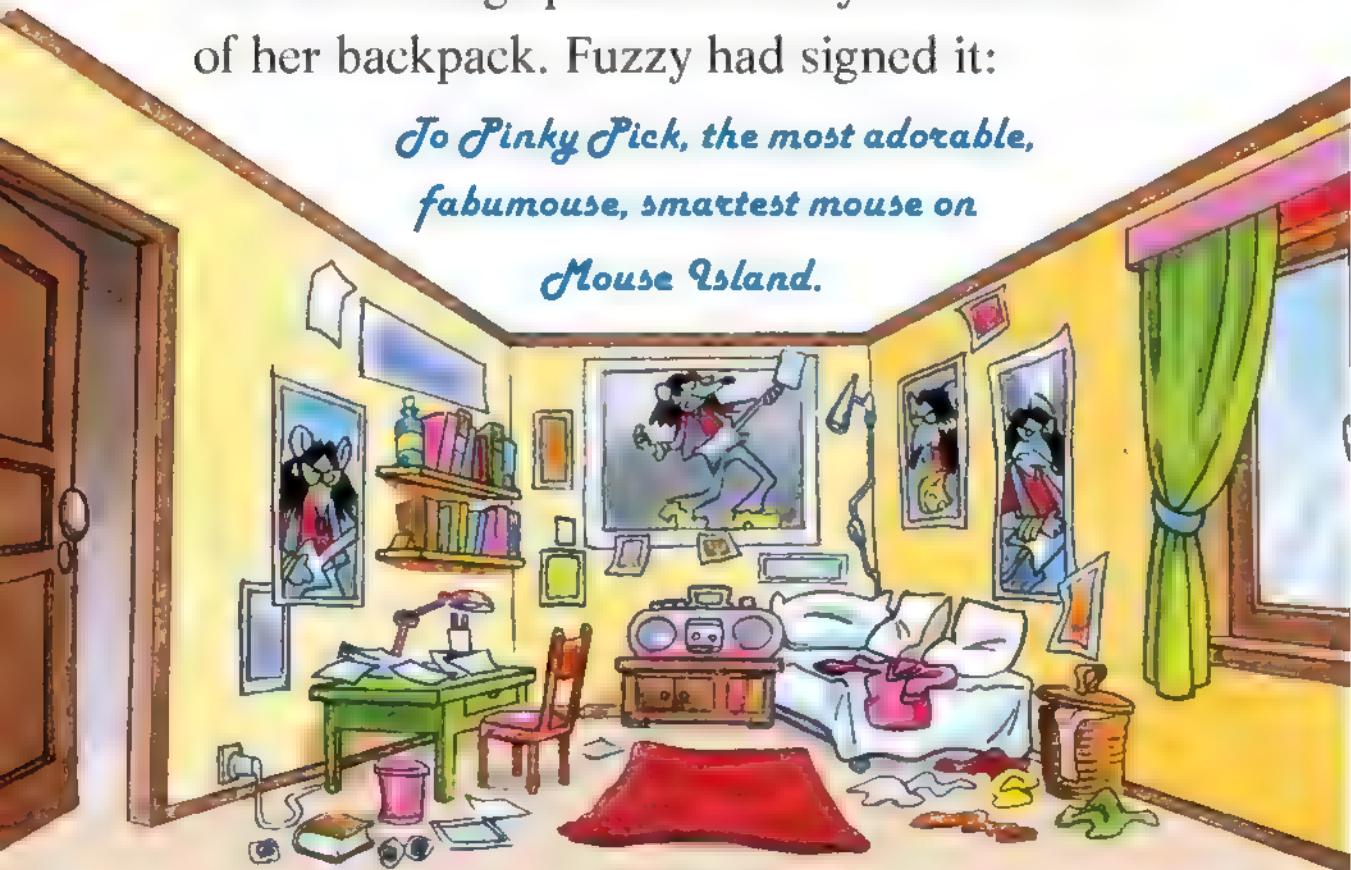


At that moment, my sister, Thea, ran into the office. Thea is a special correspondent for *The Rodent's Gazette*. She knows everything that happens in New Mouse City.

Thea ran up to Pinky and shook her paw. “**GOOD** job, *kid!*” my sister said. “I heard about the interview with Fuzzy. How did you do it?”

Pinky grinned. “Check this out,” she said. She took a large photo of Fuzzy Fuzzborn out of her backpack. Fuzzy had signed it:

*To Pinky Pick, the most adorable,
fabumouse, smartest mouse on
Mouse Island.*





“This is how I did it,” Pinky said. “I wrote him a letter. It went like this:

Dear Fuzzy,

I am your biggest fan! I know all of your songs by heart.
I have covered the walls in my room with your pictures.
When I grow up, I want to be just like you!

“Then I added some details,” Pinky went on. “I said I had a mean boss who made me work day and night for no pay. I told him you forced me to interview him or **you would fire me.**”

I couldn’t believe it. Such lies! I had not forced Pinky to do anything. She was the one who forced herself on me!

“Well, I never—” I began. But the phone **RANG** before I could finish. I picked it up.

“Hello. Is this Stilton, Geronimo Stilton?” the caller asked.

I recognized the voice right away. It was



Fuzzy Fuzzborn!

“Yes, I am Geronimo Stilton,” I said. I was **EXCITED**. “I am so pleased you did an interview for our paper, Mr. Fuzzborn.”

“I only did it to help out that sweet little mouse who works for you!” Fuzzy snapped. “Shame on you! How dare you make her work day and night! What kind of a terrible boss are you? She is just a little mouselet!”

I started to tell him the truth, but Pinky slapped her  over my mouth.

“Oh, my assistant has a great imagination,” I managed to mumble. “I am sure she was stretching the truth a bit.”

But Fuzzy did not believe me.

“Shame on you, Stilton!” he squeaked.

“SHAME ON YOU!”

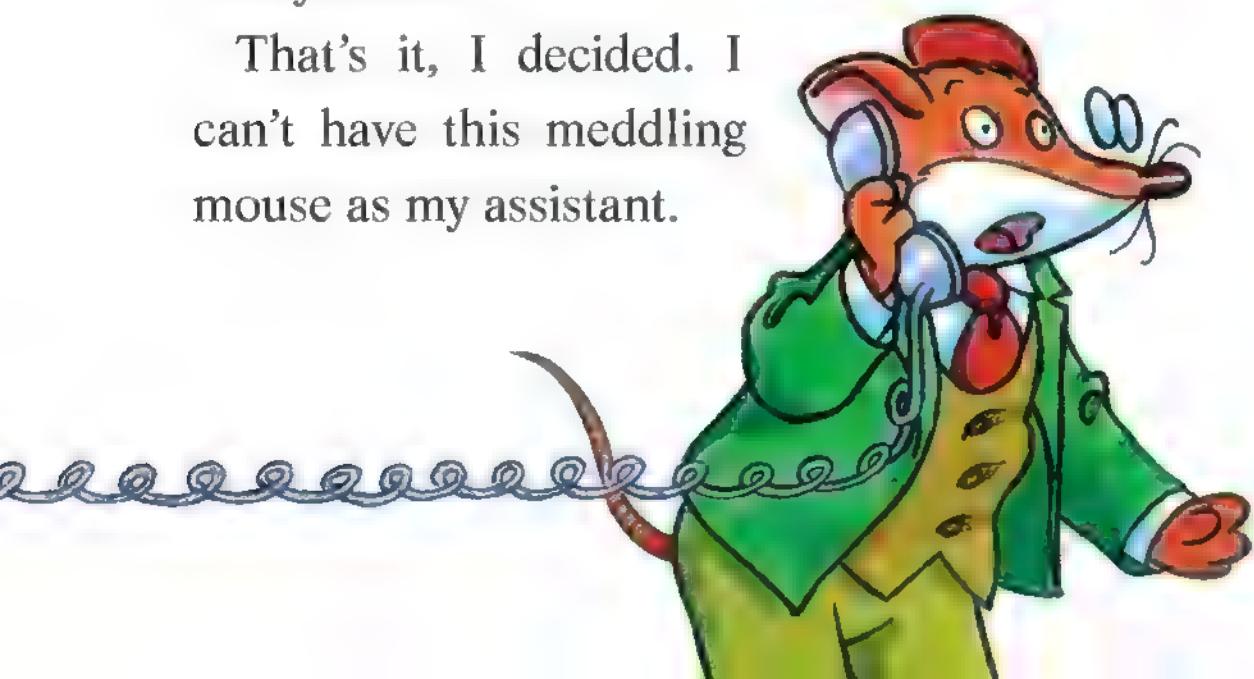


HOW EMBARRASSING!

“You stink worse than a hunk of rotten cheese, Stilton!”
Fuzzy was shouting.
How embarrassing!

Fuzzy Fuzzborn was one of the most famouse rats on Mouse Island. And he thought I was a first-class creep! What if he started spreading **Pinky's** story around? My reputation would be ruined. And it was all Pinky's fault.

That's it, I decided. I can't have this meddling mouse as my assistant.





BEFORE I COULD SAY ANYTHING, Pinky pressed the speaker button on my phone. Fuzzy's voice rang out through the office.

“And another thing, Stilton,” Fuzzy said. “That little assistant of yours is a genius! Her interview was brilliant. She really understands me and my music. I am thinking of letting her write my biography.”

All thoughts of firing Pinky left my brain. Fuzzy Fuzzborn's biography? That was an even bigger **SCOOP** than the interview!

Pinky Pick grinned. She sat down and put her big shoes on my desk.

I motioned for her to move her paws.

She didn't. Instead, she **made a face** at me!





THE DAILY RAT

I started thinking about firing Pinky again. Biography or not, she was just too much!

Fuzzy was still talking. “You are lucky to have an assistant like **PINKY PICK**, Stilton,” he said. “I am sure she could teach you a thing or two. You’d better keep her happy or you might lose her!”

“Of course, Fuzzy. Of course,” I said. But inside I was still fuming.

Fuzzy finally hung up. Pinky jumped out of her seat.

“I think it’s time for a raise, Boss!” she shouted.

My furry face flushed red. “**Raise!**” I shrieked. “**BUT I JUST HIRED YOU!**”

Pinky winked at me. “Too bad. I guess I



could always go work for the competition.”

I turned as **PALE** as a piece of mozzarella. *The Daily Rat* was my biggest competition in New Mouse City. If Pinky worked there, *they* would get the Fuzzy Fuzzborn interview. And the biography. I gulped.

“Now, don’t be hasty, Pinky,” I said. “Aren’t you happy here at *The Rodent’s Gazette* with your **uncle Gerry**?”

Pinky smiled. “Here’s the deal,” she said, slapping her paws on my desk. “I want a huge . . . no, a mega-huge bonus each year.

I love to travel, so I also need three months of paid vacation. And I want all my expenses paid, including my clothes. I need to keep up with the latest trends.” She pointed to her **BAGGY** sweatshirt.





“Well, that’s all very *expensive*,” I said. Pinky sat down and folded her arms behind her head. “I understand, Boss. If you don’t like the deal, I can always go somewhere else. I already have an idea for Fuzzborn’s biography.”

Pinky’s gaze moved to the top of my desk. A copy of *The Daily Rat* stared up at us.

I would not let them **SCOOP** me with the Fuzzy Fuzzborn story. I could not let that happen!

“Whatever you want, Pinky,” I said.
“Whatever you want!”



THE ASSISTANT'S ASSISTANT

So it was all settled. Pinky Pick was my new assistant. *The Rodent's Gazette* was going to get the Fuzzy Fuzzborn interview and biography. I arrived at my office early the next morning, ready for a calm and peaceful day.

But I had not even finished my cheese pastry when Pinky Pick burst through my door.

“I have **NEWS**, Boss!” she squeaked.

NEWS about Fuzzy?” I asked hopefully.

“No, there is more **NEWS**,” she said. “Come on, ask me what it is.”

“**All right**, Pinky,” I said. “What is it?”

Pinky moved to one side. “Ta-da!” she shouted.

A small female mouse stepped out from



behind Pinky. She looked like she was about fourteen, too.

“WHO ARE YOU?” I asked.

“My name is **Merry Melody**,” she said shyly.

“Shouldn’t you be in school?” I asked.

Pinky laughed. “It’s **CHRISTMAS** vacation! There is no school. By the way, this is Merry—my new assistant!”

“Assistant!” I shouted. “Who said you were allowed to have an assistant?”

Pinky did not answer. Instead, she unhooked the **big diary** from her backpack. She **OPENED** it up to reveal a built-in **CALCULATOR**.

“Hmm,” she said, punching in numbers. “With Merry’s help, I could write Fuzzy’s biography faster. I could do it in one month instead of two!”



A CHEESE-SCENTED DIARY

Pinky had my attention. Of course, it was ridiculous for an assistant to have an assistant. But if Fuzzy's biography could get done faster that way . . .

“All right,” I said. “But how much will your assistant cost me?”

Pinky whispered a number in my ear.





“**H**oley cheese!” I cried in **HOOROR**. “I could buy a lifetime supply of cheddar with that kind of money!”

Then Pinky whispered something else in my ear.

“**W**hat?” I asked. “How much did *The Daily Rat* offer you?”

I had no choice. I had to hire Merry or lose Pinky—and Fuzzy Fuzzborn—to *The Daily Rat*.

The morning had been much too





exciting for me. I wanted to forget about Pinky Pick—just for a little while. So later that day, I called a meeting of my staff at the publishing house.

I asked my sales manager for a report. “We need to make new products,” Shif T. Paws said. “Something **MODERN**. Something **exciting**. Something for today’s youth.”

From behind me, a small voice said, “**No problem!** I *have lots of ideas!*”

I cringed. Pinky Pick ran into the room, carrying a stack of papers.

“How about a diary with cheese-scented pages? A series of biographies on rock singers? Or a backpack on wheels?” she asked. “And here’s the best idea of all. We should publish a magazine for young mice. We can call it **Fur Kids Only**. And I think the right rodent for the job is . . . me!”



How Could You?

My staff gobbled up
Pinky's **BEERS** like
hungry rats at an all-
you-can-eat cheese
bar. I had to admit,
her ideas were all
pretty good.

We started production
on everything. The cheese-scented
diary. The magazine. It all sold like
crazy.

I started to think that hiring Pinky
Pick was not such a bad idea after all.

*Sure, she is loud. And pushy. And wears
ridiculous clothes, I told myself. But she
knows how to make money for this company!*



My mouse-gray walls had been splattered with paint!



So I had a smile on my snout as I walked into my building a few days later. I opened my office door and stepped inside.

For a second, I thought I had gone through the wrong door. The room looked like Pinky's office.

But then I saw my desk, my papers, my cheese-shaped paperweight. . . .

“**CHEESE NIBLETS!**” I shrieked.
“Pinky, what have you done?”

My lovely mouse-gray walls had been splattered with paint. Lines, squiggles, and doodles in **bright** **color** stared back at me. Red, blue, **yellow**, green, purple, and **pink**. Shocking **pink**, of course!

Pinky ran into the room, waving a spray can. “How do you like it, Boss?” she asked. “I did it for free. Because I like you!”

“If you really liked me, you would have left

How COULD



You?

my office alone!" I **WAILED**.

Just then, Merry flung open the door. She rushed into the room.

The door **slammed** into my snout.

I fell against the coat stand. The stand fell on my head.

I stumbled. One  landed in the umbrella stand. The other paw landed on top of the computer plug.

A **SHOCK** of electricity raced through me.





“Yeeow!” I shrieked. My fur stood on end. I broke away from the plug and slammed into Pinky. Her spray can went off, and orange paint sprayed my snout.

“Heeeeelp!” I screamed.

Mousella and the rest of the staff came running. They all stared at me.

Finally, my art director, Tylerat Truemouse, spoke up.

“Mr. Stilton, why are you dressed up like a



rocker?” he asked.





HAPPY BIRTHDAY, STILTON!

It took me all day to wash the orange paint out of my fur. I went home that night in a **bad mood**.

Not only was my office ruined, but it was **M**Y **B**I**R****T****H****D****A****Y**! And nobody had remembered.

Now, I don't like to make a big deal of my birthday. A nice, quiet celebration is just fine. But I had not even received a single phone call. Not even from my aunt Sweetfur.

Aunt Sweetfur always sends me a birthday card. Of course, she still treats me like I am five years old. Last year's card had a picture of a tiny mouse holding a balloon. It said,





“To my sweet little cheeselet!”

It's the thought that counts.

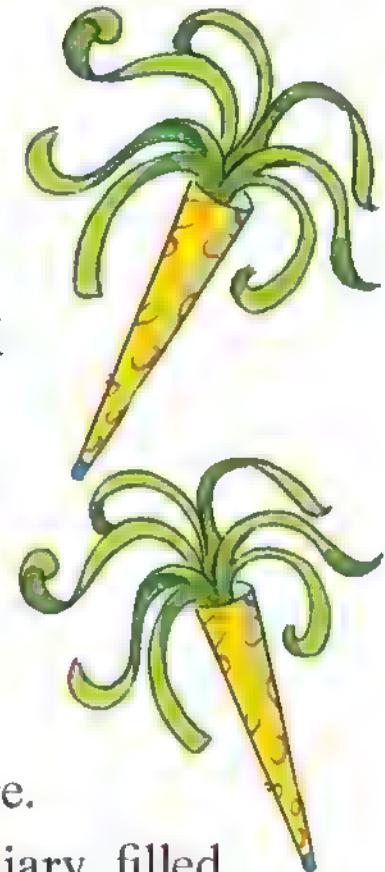
I was in no hurry to get back to my empty mouse hole. So I walked home.

First I passed the newsstand. Copies of **Pinky's new magazine** were stacked on every shelf.

Then I passed the bookstore. Pinky's **cheese-scented** diary filled the window display.

Normally, the store stacked *my* bestselling books in their window. But it seemed they had **forgotten** about me. Just like everyone else. I sighed.

A few minutes later, I slumped up the stairs of my building. I unlocked my door and pushed it open.





Suddenly, the lights came on.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY!”

“Cheesecake!” I squeaked. I JUMPED back. I hate surprises!

About a hundred mice filled my house! They all began to sing:

May you have a happy day.
Raise your snout and shout, “Hooray!”
Now it’s time to celebrate,
Because your assistant is really great!

Your assistant is really great? What kind of birthday song was that?

Suddenly, I understood.

The crowd parted. Pinky Pick stood in the center of the room. She was with Thea, my cousin Trap, and my nephew Benjamin.



“Aha!” I cried. Pinky was behind this party. And I knew that could *not* be good!

Thea grabbed me. “Hey, Germeister,” she said. “This party was a great idea! And it’s all thanks to Pinky.”

Thea gave **Pinky** a hug. Then it hit me.

Thea and Pinky are a lot alike! They are both loud. And they both like to stir up trouble.

I moaned. Somehow I knew **MY LIFE WOULD NEVER BE CALM AND PEACEFUL** again. I grabbed a mozzarella stick from the snack table and began to munch on it to calm my nerves.

Suddenly, I felt a slap on my back. I nearly choked on my mozzarella!

I turned around. It was my cousin Trap, of course.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY,



STILTON!

"It's about time **Y O U** **H A D** **A**
P A R T Y, Gerry Berry," he said. "That
assistant of yours is good for you. I love your
new office. That old gray mouse hole of yours
was so depressing."

"But I *liked* my gray mouse hole!" I
protested.

"And you were always such a **penny-**
pincher," Trap went on. "I'm glad to see



HAPPY BIRTHDAY,



STILTON!

you're living it up a bit. *Caviar, truffles, champagne, imported cheese . . .*"

I followed Trap's gaze across the room. **Someone** had set up a huge table piled with expensive food.

I had a bad feeling. I started to look around. Benjamin, my dear little nephew, pulled my sleeve.

"Uncle Geronimo, isn't Pinky pretty?" he



HAPPY BIRTHDAY,



STILTON!

squeaked. “will you please introduce me?”

But I ignored him. I was too busy noticing other, bigger changes in my house.

Someone had set up huge arrangements of **EXPENSIVE FLOWERS**.

A shocking pink *silk carpet* lined my hallway. And each guest was carrying a little gift: a solid **PLATINUM** cheese holder with a diamond on the lid!

I had that feeling again.

This could *not* be good!





SNAP FLASHFUR

I was right. Things only got **WORSE**.

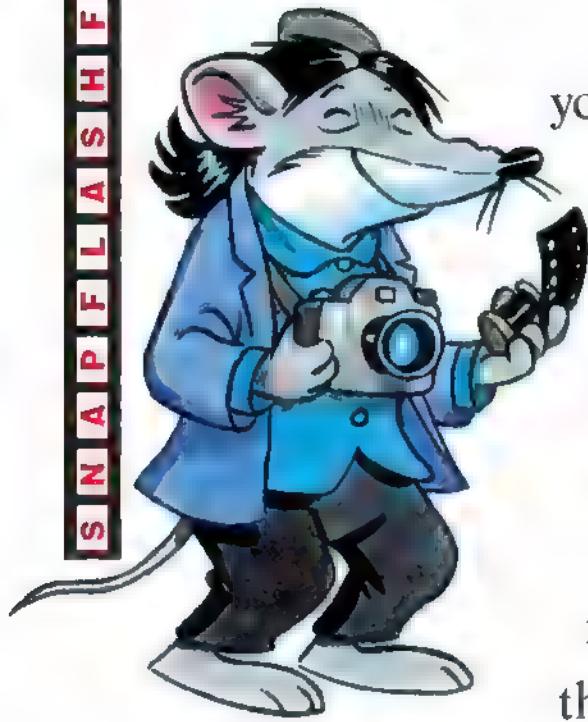
To start with, the sound of loud music suddenly filled my living room. I looked in the corner and saw that the famouse rock band Rat Attack was pounding away on their guitars.

I also saw a mouse with long, dark fur carrying a camera. He was talking to guests and taking pictures. I would know that snout anywhere. It was **SNAPFLASHFUR**, the famouse photographer. He only took pictures of the biggest celebrities.

“What is he doing here?” I asked.

FLASH!
FLASH!
FLASH!

“Isn’t it **wonderful**?” Thea said, beaming. She loves to rub elbows with important mice. “We hired only the best for



your birthday. Just wait until you see the **PICTURES!**"

Snap walked up to me.

"MY DEAR MR. STILTON! Look at these wonderful photos I took of you. You didn't even notice I was doing it. I get the best pictures that way."

I looked at the photos. One showed just my paw. The other was my body without a head. My nephew Benjamin takes better photos than that!

But Thea loved them. **"Brilliant!"** she said, clapping her paws together. "Snap, you are a *genius*. Nobody takes photos like you do!"





“Who would want to?” I muttered.
But Snap’s photos were the least of my
worries. I had to ask Thea a question.
And I was not
sure I wanted the
answer.

“Who is **paying**
for all of this?” I
asked nervously.





WHAT A WONDERFUL IDEA!

Thea burst out laughing. “Why, you are paying, of course! Pinky organized everything. Wasn’t that *sweet* of her? She said she would do it for free because you are such a good boss.”

“Oh, dear,” I said. I suddenly felt queasy.

“But the best is yet to come,” Thea went on. “In a few minutes, the *great poet* Walt Whitmouse will read a poem in your honor. He charged a lot of money to write it, but it’s worth every penny. After that, a thousand  will be released into the sky. Then there are the fireworks. Don’t worry about those. We hired four of the best fireworks experts around to light them.



They're waiting on the roof right now."

Balloons? **Fireworks?** Expensive poetry?
The room started to swim before my eyes.

But there was more.

"And wait until you see your **BIRTHDAY
cake**," Thea said. "Pinky and I came up
with this idea together. We're so much alike,
aren't we? Anyway, the cake has ten layers.





Each layer is a foot high, with cream cheese frosting and **candied cherries**. On the very top is a winged mouse made of Parmesan cheese.”

A ten-foot cake? I started to groan.



“We had such a hard time trying to get someone to bake it for us,”

Thea continued. “But Pinky and I said only the **best** for our Geronimo! So the Blue Ribbon Bakery agreed to stay **CLOSED** for a week so they could spend all their time baking your cake. It took twenty bakers working day and night to finish it!”

I sat down on the couch. *My head was spinning* I could barely breathe. In my head, I started adding up what everything would **cost** . . . the caviar . . . the cake . . . the fireworks . . . the band . . . the terrible photos. . . .

I ended up with a very large number with



a lot of zeroes on the end.

I fainted.

I came to when Trap dumped the contents of an ice bucket on my head.

“NOOOOO!” I moaned. **“THIS CAN’T BE HAPPENING!”**

Pinky ran up to me, a big smile on her snout. “Hey, Boss,” she said. “Did you like your party?”

“I can honestly say that this is a birthday I will never forget,” I grumbled. I stood up, brushing ice cubes off my fur.

“Did you tell him yet?” Thea asked Pinky.

I got a bad feeling again. “Tell me what?” I asked.

“Gerrykins, Pinky had a brilliant idea,” Thea said. “We are all going on a trip to the **NORTH POLE!**”





“The North Pole!” I squeaked. “Why on earth would I want to go there? It is freezing cold. And there are no cheese shops there.”

“Pinky made a deal with **MouseTV**,” Thea explained. “We are going to celebrate New Year’s Eve at the North Pole. The TV station is going to film it. Isn’t that great?”

I was speechless.

“Get a good night’s sleep, Boss,” Pinky said. “We leave first thing in the morning.”

THE NORTH POLE?

TOMORROW MORNING?

I fainted again!



RISE AND SHINE!

I did not sleep well that night. I kept having nightmares about **BEING OUTSIDE** in the freezing North Pole. I felt cold . . . so cold . . .

I woke up to find that Trap had dumped another ice bucket on me! My cousin stood there with Benjamin, Merry, and, of course, Pinky.

“Rise and shine, Cousinkins,” Trap said. “It’s time to leave!”

I jumped out of bed. Ice cubes slid to the floor.

“You did not have to wake me up like that,” I grumbled. “Besides, I am not going to **THE NORTH POLE!**”





Pinky shoved a pile of clothes into my paws. There was a pair of boots lined with fake **CAT FUR**, a parka, earmuffs, gloves, and other cold-weather gear. Everything was Pinky's favorite color, of course—shocking pink!

“I will not wear this stuff!” I protested. “Anyway, where is Thea? Isn’t she a part of this?”

Suddenly, I heard a very loud noise outside. **I HAD ANOTHER BAD FEELING.** I ran up to the roof. Trap and the others scurried behind me.

There, hovering in the sky, was a helicopter! Thea leaned out the window and waved. Her violet eyes were gleaming!

“All aboard!” she cried.



“Absolutely not!” I squeaked. “I would rather give up cheese than get on that helicopter! I am not going and I mean it! Or my name is not

GERONIMO STILTON!

Thea waved at us from the helicopter.





SOMEDAY YOU WILL THANK ME

Ten minutes later, I was sitting in the helicopter.

I had no choice but to put on the **shocking pink** parka that Pinky had given me. Thank goodness **SNAPFLASHFUR** wasn't around to take a picture!

I was tired, dressed in pink, and heading for the **NORTH POLE**. Definitely not a happy mouse. But Pinky was smiling brightly.

“Just wait, Boss,” she said. “There is a **fabumouse** party waiting for us at the North Pole. We’ll have the best New Year’s Eve ever. And we’ll be on every TV set in Mouse Island!”



“How could you do this?” I wailed.

“I did it for you, Boss,” Pinky said. “I know you love attention. There is nothing better than being on **TV**! Believe me, someday you will thank me for this.”

“Cats will eat cheese before I thank you for this,” I mumbled.

I was miserable. The trip took **hours and hours**. I thought it would never end. My stomach always gets queasy when I fly. Every time I looked out the window, **I GOT DIZZY**.

My sister looked like she was having the time of her life. She piloted the helicopter like a real pro.

When we finally came to the **NORTH POLE**, my whiskers began to tremble.

I just knew something was going to go wrong!



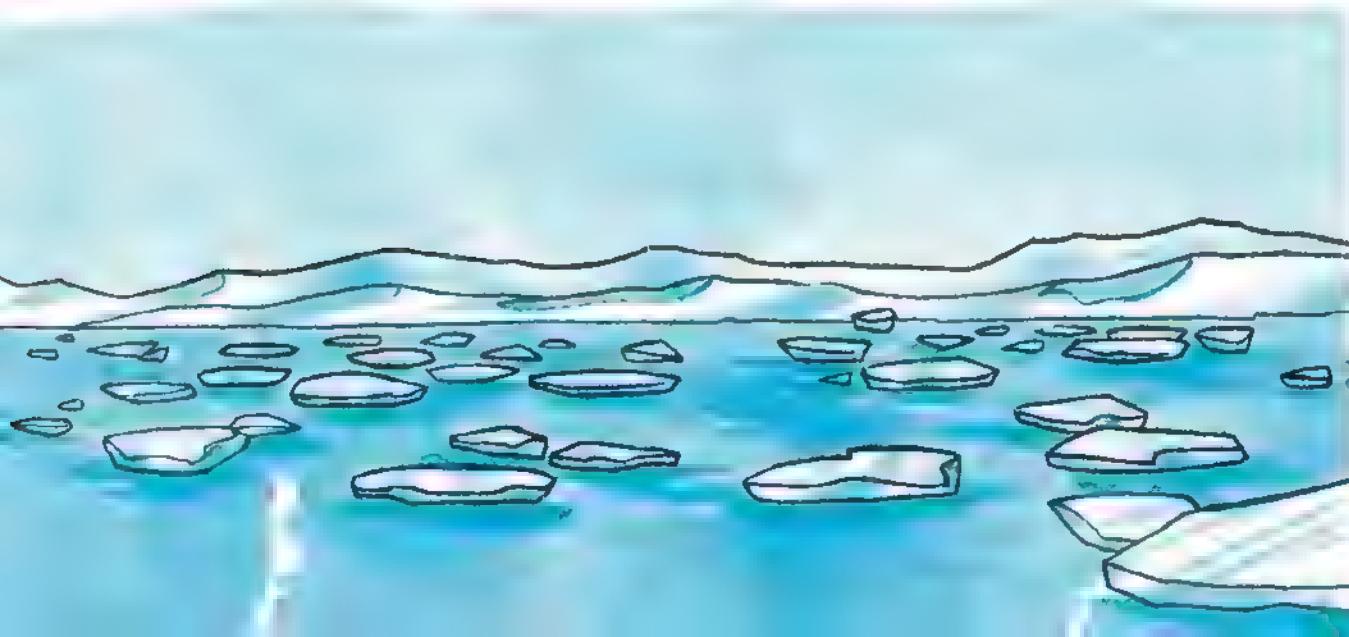


NORTH POLE, HERE WE COME!

“Get ready to land!” Thea shouted.

Thea steered the helicopter so it pointed down. Right below us, I saw an enormous ship. As we got closer, I saw it was an **icebreaker**. It pushed its way through the frozen seas.

“Here we are!” Thea yelled. She aimed the helicopter at the ship’s wide deck. A cold wind blew across the water, but we landed



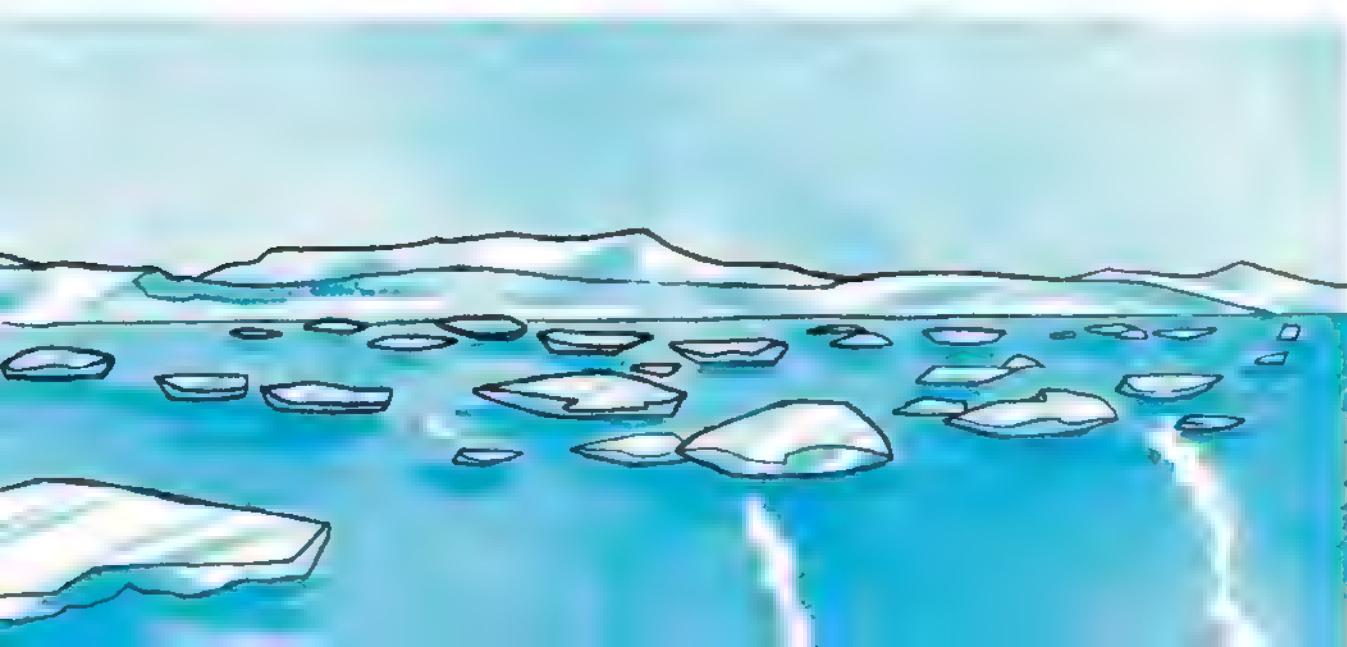


safely. When the helicopter blades stopped spinning, we walked onto the deck.

A rat in a captain's uniform greeted us. **“YOU MUST BE STILTON, GERONIMO STILTON,”** he said in a crisp voice. **“I AM NELSON, CAPTAIN OCEANUS NELSON. It is a pleasure to meet you.”**

I shook his paw. Then he turned to my sister, Thea. His whiskers began to quiver.

“What a **BEAUTIFUL LANDING!**” he gushed. He took her paw and kissed it. “You should have joined the navy, my dear lady. They could use a talented and lovely rat like you!”





I groaned quietly. Everywhere Thea went, rats tripped over their tails to get her attention. It looked like Captain Nelson was no different!

Pinky stepped forward. She took out her diary and began to flip through the pages. “Let’s get busy, crew!” she shouted. “New Year’s Eve is the day after tomorrow.”

The captain took his eyes off Thea and turned to me with a serious look.

“MY SHIPPING COMPANY TOLD ME YOU NEEDED THIS SHIP FOR AN IMPORTANT MISSION,” he said. **“EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF MISSION IS IT?”**

“Oh, just wait and see,” Thea piped up.

“It’s *going* to be fun.”

“*Yes, fun*,” Pinky agreed. But she didn’t give any details, either.

Captain Nelson didn’t seem to like that.



He pulled me aside.

“LISTEN HERE, STILTON,” he said. “I HAVE TWO VERY IMPORTANT QUESTIONS FOR YOU. ONE: WHAT KIND OF MISSION ARE YOU PLANNING? AND TWO: DOES YOUR SISTER HAVE A BOYFRIEND?”

I sighed. I might as well tell Captain Nelson the truth. “I think the special mission is some kind of **party**,” I said.

Captain Nelson raised his furry eyebrows in surprise. “A PARTY? THIS IS A REAL SHIP! YOU CANNOT HAVE A PARTY HERE!” he squeaked.

I decided to change the subject. “As for my sister,” I said, “she does not have a boyfriend. **IN FACT**, I am sure she would love to go to the party with you!”





A SPOOKY SHAPE IN THE FOG

Captain Nelson and I were interrupted by the sound of excited squeaks.

Pinky and Thea were exploring the ship. “We should have the **party** in here,” Thea was saying, walking around the large galley.

“Right,” said Pinky. She began pointing around the ship. “The food tables will be here. We’ll need a lot, because I’m expecting about **five hundred** guests. Maybe **a thousand**, even.”

Then Pinky walked over to a door with a plate that read, **CAPTAIN NELSON’S OFFICE**. “Perfect!” she said. “The rock band can go in here!”

Captain Nelson turned pale. I felt sorry



for him. I knew just how he felt!

I decided to leave Pinky and Thea to their plans. I walked up on deck.

The air was bitter cold. I was glad to be wearing my parka, even if it was *pink*. I leaned over the railing and gazed out across the water.

White foam capped the waves like fluffy whiskers. It was rather *beautiful*. The sun was setting, streaking the sky a lovely shade of cheddar gold. Maybe this trip would not be so bad after all!

Then things suddenly grew dark. The ship had sailed into a misty gray *fog*.

Booooo-eeeeeee. The ship's fog signal rang out in the night. But then something caught my eye.

There was a big, dark shape looming in front of us in the fog.





Was I seeing **THINGS**?

I cleaned my glasses so I could see better.
Then I put them on again.

The shape was still there. Right in front of
the ship. It was getting closer.

I gulped. It looked just like . . .

“An **iceberg**!” I squeaked.

We were about to crash into an enormous





iceberg! I had to do something.

“**HELP!**” I screamed. “Help!”

I ran around the deck, trying to find my way back inside the ship. But the *fog* was too thick. I could not see a thing.

“Help!” I screamed again. “Is there anyone out there?”

No one answered.





LOST AT SEA

Then I heard a shout. It sounded like Captain Nelson. The ship made a loud groaning noise. It sounded like it was trying to stop.

But the **ICEBERG** was getting closer and closer! I had to warn my family.

I ran across the ship, feeling my way with my paws. Finally, I found a door. I ran inside.

The ship's crew was running around in a panic. I did not see my family anywhere.

“Thea, Benjamin, where are you?” I yelled.

They didn't answer me. Instead, I heard Captain Nelson shout, “**LOWER THE LIFEBOATS!**”

I knew that could not be good!

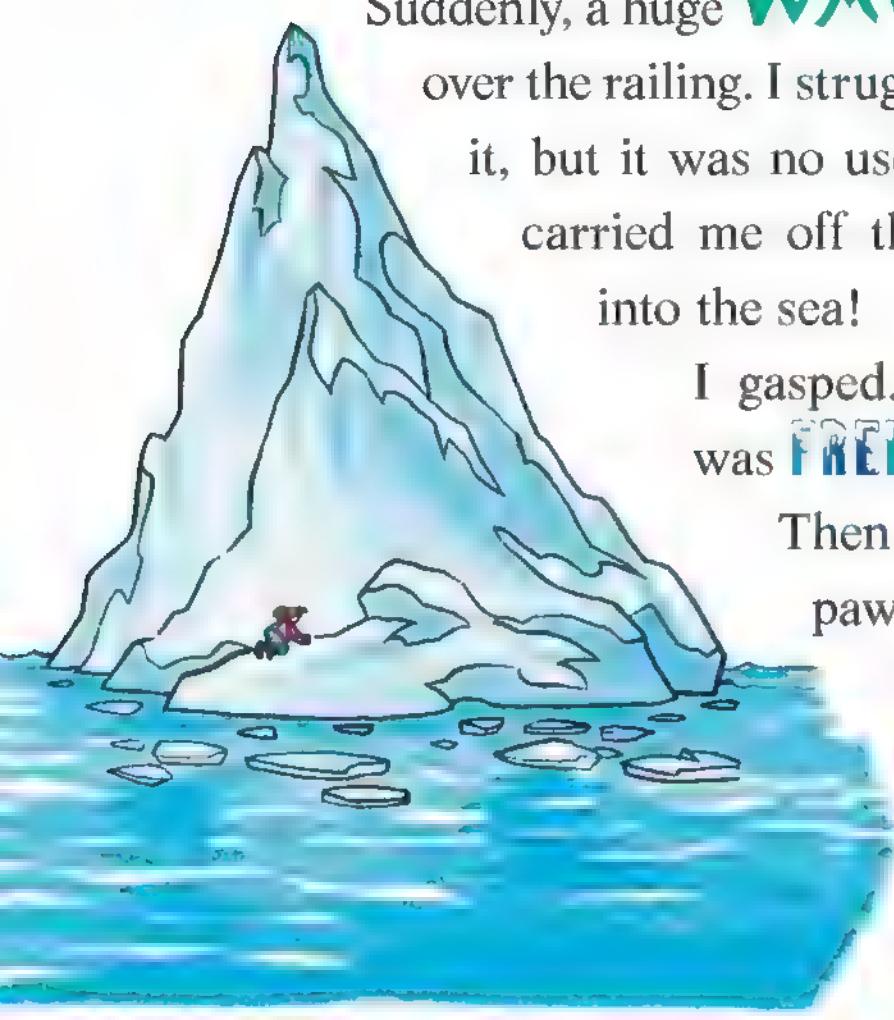


The next moment, I heard a **terrible** noise. It sounded like two mountains crashing into each other. The ship lurched.

I lost my balance and tumbled across the floor. The ship rocked again. This time, I rolled out of the open door onto the deck.

“HELP!” I screamed. I tried to grab on to something. Anything.





Suddenly, a huge **WAVE** crashed over the railing. I struggled against it, but it was no use. The wave carried me off the boat and into the sea!

I gasped. The water was **FREEZING** cold.

Then I felt a firm paw on my tail.

Someone pulled me out of the water.

“I’ve got you, Geronimo!” It was Trap! He must have found his way to one of the lifeboats.

Trap pulled me up next to him. I looked around, dazed. We were not on a lifeboat. We were on an **iceberg!** The very same



iceberg that had crashed into the ship!

I struggled to my feet, **shivering**. Trap was not alone. Thea, Benjamin, Pinky, and Merry were all on the iceberg. I was happy to see them safe.

But I was not happy for long.

There was no sign of the ship. The ~~blue sky~~ did not lift. It wrapped around us like a cold, wet blanket.

“Let’s dig a shelter in the ice,” Thea suggested. We dug for hours. Then we huddled inside, trying to keep warm. But we were still cold. Icicles dripped from my whiskers.

Besides being cold, we were hungry, too. And Trap kept making things worse.

“Wouldn’t a ~~hot cheese~~ pizza be delicious right now?” he said, licking his snout. “Or maybe a grilled ~~cheddar~~ sandwich.



Or a triple-decker creamy cheesecake. Or maybe . . .”

Trap went on and on for hours. I was so hungry, I wanted to eat my socks.

We were lost at sea all night. The next morning, I was shivering and daydreaming about **CHEDDAR CHEESE** when I heard Benjamin shout.

“Uncle, look! It’s a helicopter!”

We crawled out of the shelter. Benjamin was right. A helicopter flew in the distance. The writing on it read **MouseTV**.

As the helicopter got closer, we heard the **loud whir** of its blades. Then we heard another sound: music.

“**It’s a ship!**” Benjamin cried.

It was a ship—and it was coming to rescue us!

Thea, Pinky, and Merry let out a cheer.

LOST AT



SEA

Then they began to **dance**.

“Dance with us, Boss,” Pinky said. “You’ll get warm!”





POOR NELSON

Captain Nelson greeted us as we boarded the ship.

“We thought we had lost you,” he said. “My crew and I survived the shipwreck. We didn’t lose a single rat.”

The ship’s crew cheered and clapped.

Captain Nelson turned to Thea. He fell to his knees.

“MY DARLING, I HAD LOST ALL HOPE OF EVER SEEING YOU AGAIN!”
he said.

Thea giggled. She held out her paw for him to kiss.

“I’m so glad you found us,” she said.

I shook my snout. Poor Captain Nelson! I had seen this before. Even the toughest rodent

will **melt** like cream cheese in the sun
when my sister is around. It's too bad she is
such a heartbreaker!

Oh, my darling!





A MASS OF MEDALS

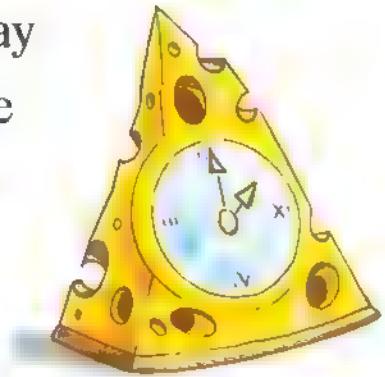
Thea and Pinky spent all day getting the new ship ready for the New Year's Eve party. It started at ten o'clock. **MouseTV**'s camera mice roamed around, filming everything.

A loud rock band started off the party inside the ship. I went out on deck to get away from the noise.

Captain Nelson walked up to me. He was wearing his dress uniform. It was as white and shiny as a fresh ball of mozzarella. A mass of shiny medals was pinned to his chest.

“HOW IS EVERYTHING GOING, STILTON?” he barked loudly.

“Just fine,” I said. I sighed. Is a little peace





and quiet too much to ask for?

Nelson looked around the ship, smoothing his whiskers.

“THIS SHIP IS QUITE NICE,” he said.
“NOT AS NICE AS MINE, THOUGH.”

“It must be hard to lose your ship,” I remarked.

Captain Nelson shrugged. **“I HAD INSURANCE,”** he said.

Then Thea walked up to us. Captain Nelson’s voice suddenly became *as sweet as a cheese lollipop.*

“MY DARLING, YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL,” he said. **“EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE MOON IN THE SKY!”**

“Why, thank you, Captain,” Thea said.
“You look very smart yourself.”

Captain Nelson beamed. **“DO YOU THINK**



SO?" he asked, puffing out his chest. "I DO HAVE A FEW MEDALS. I GOT THIS ONE FOR SAVING A SUBMARINE DURING THE CHEDDAR WARS. THIS ONE IS FOR BRAVERY IN BATTLE. AND THIS ONE . . ."

Thea squeaked with delight.

"How fascinating!" she said. "You must tell me **everything!**"

I groaned. I could not wait for the party to be over!





NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE NORTH POLE

I could not decide what was worse: Listening to Captain Nelson sweet-talk Thea, or listening to the loud rock band.

I **do not like** noise.

I **do not like** loud music.

But above all, I **do not like** New Year's Eve. Every year, I get dragged to a noisy, crowded party. All I really want to do is to spend a quiet evening at home. I like to curl up in my pawchair, watching a romantic movie and nibbling on cheese crisps.

But I was far from home. I decided to go back inside and see what was happening. Pinky stood close to the band, squeaking, **“Louder! Louder!”**



Thea and Captain Nelson came in and began to dance. Pinky started dancing with Benjamin. Everyone looked very **h a p p y**.

Then I heard a small voice behind me.

“Happy New Year, Boss.”

I turned around. It was Merry. She looked a little bit sad.

“Why aren’t you dancing with the others?” I asked.

Merry looked down at the floor. “No one has asked me to dance yet,” she squeaked softly.

“Really?” I said. “A *charming* little mouse like you?”

Merry brightened. “Do you really think I’m charming, Boss?” she shrieked. “Really?”



“Of course you are *charming*,” I said. “You are very charming . . . but a little too loud at times.”

Poor Merry looked so unhappy now. I knew what I had to do.

“May I have this dance?” I asked.

Merry squealed with *delight*. Then we scurried onto the dance floor.



THE DAWNING OF A NEW DAY

I like to think I am an honest mouse.

So I will be honest with you now.

I was sure I would have a terrible time at the party. I thought the loud music would burst my eardrums. Or that I would sprain my paws dancing. But I had a **wonderful** time! I really let my fur down.

Merry and Pinky taught me all kinds of dances. We danced to **hip-hop** and disco music. We swayed to salsa and did the **merengue**. We even slam-danced to **LOUD ROCK MUSIC!**

I discovered that potato chips dunked in ketchup are delicious. And that temporary tattoos can look very stylish.



Pinky did want me to get my tail pierced, but I refused. I do have my limits!

The mice from **MouseTV** had organized a tango dance competition: The last couple to leave the dance floor would win. Merry and I entered the contest together. We danced the tango for eight hours straight! In the end,





we were the only mice left standing. We won first prize—a trophy carved out of a block of sharp cheddar! Can you believe that?

The party lasted until the morning. Waiters walked around, handing out **hot chocolate**





and cheese Danish. We all walked out on deck to watch the sunrise.

It was very moving. For me, it felt like the dawn of a new day, a new year . . .

maybe even a new life!



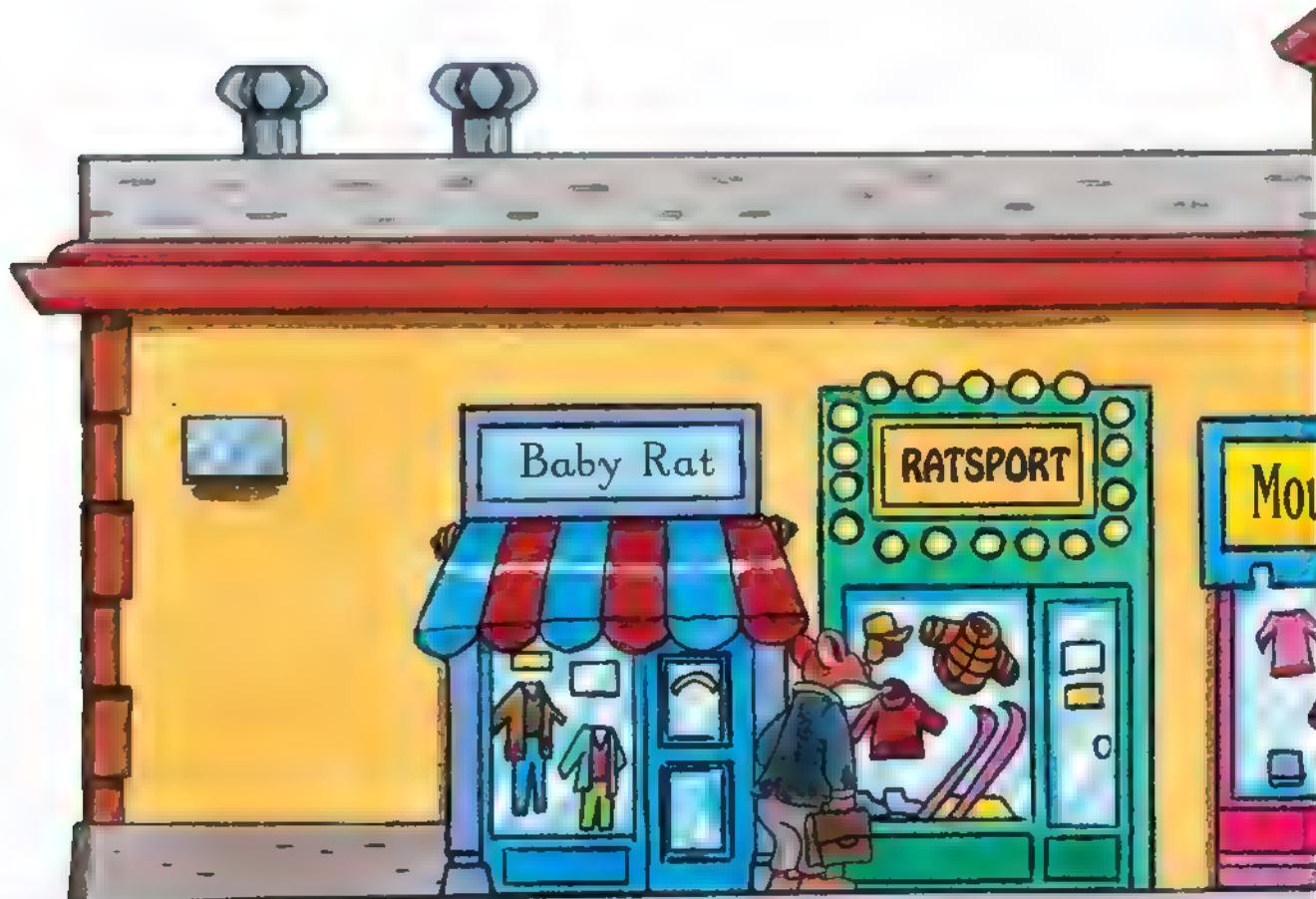


BACK AT THE OFFICE

When we got back home, I felt like a new mouse.

I was no longer the same plain old Geronimo Stilton.

I had changed.







For one thing, I did not feel like listening only to quiet classical music anymore. When I heard a **ROCK** song playing, I found myself humming along with the tune.

For another thing, I found that I did not like my wardrobe anymore. Yes, it was expensive. I had lots of wool suits with  and cashmere sweaters. But now they did not seem **AS FREE AND COMFORTABLE** as a simple pair of jeans.

I looked at my closet and frowned. There was a neat row of mouse-gray suits. And a rack of tasteful ties from my aunt Sweetfur. She gave me a new one every Christmas. Last year's tie had tiny  on it.

But everything looked so boring now. I had to do something. And I knew just the mouse to help me.

I called Pinky. "I need a favor," I said. "Will



you go **clothes shopping** with me?"

Pinky didn't say anything at first. I thought I heard her giggle.

"OK, Boss," she finally said. "Give me ten minutes. And bring plenty of money!"

We shopped **until we dropped** all afternoon. I bought all kinds of jeans.

*I bought dark blue jeans, faded jeans, acid-washed jeans, and black jeans.
I bought high-cut, low-cut, boot-cut, and baggy jeans.
I bought jeans with buttons, zippers, and laces.*

But that wasn't all.

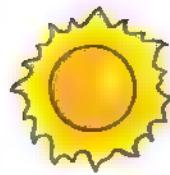
With Pinky's help,

*I bought a denim jacket
to match every pair of jeans.*

I bought wide belts and skinny belts.

I bought baggy T-shirts and belly shirts.





THE FINISHING TOUCH



“You are almost perfect, Boss,” Pinky said. “You just need one more thing.”

Pinky took me to a fancy shop that only sold sunglasses. **Cheese nips!** I had never seen so many pairs of sunglasses in my life. I tried on 103 pairs (I counted).

Pinky gave me her opinion on every pair. “Not those, **Boss**. Those make you look like a clown.”





“Not those. They make you look like a crook.”

“Those make you look silly.”

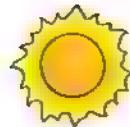
“Those make you look cheesy.”

Pinky finally threw up her paws. “I give up!” she shouted. “You are a **hopeless case**, Boss. You’ve got the wrong snout.”

“Wrong snout?” I asked, insulted. “What do you mean?”

The sales clerk walked up to





us. “Yes, you do have a rather **UNUSUAL** snout,” she said. “Perhaps our sunglasses are not for you. You are a bit old for them.”

Ouch! That comment hurt. But Pinky did not give up.

“Try these, Boss!” she squeaked. “I think I found the **perfect pair** for you.”

I looked in the mirror. They were perfect! I could not wait to show off the new me!



“I found the perfect pair for you.”



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

Mousella did not recognize me when I came into the office the next morning.

“Mr. Stilton?” she asked, puzzled. **“ARE YOU GOING TO A COSTUME PARTY?”**

I ignored her comment. I opened my office door and began to squeak loudly.

“Everything here has got to change!” I shouted. “I need new furniture. No more boring wood. Maybe steel, or glass . . . no, plastic! In bright colors to match the walls. **Red, orange, purple, yellow, and pink.** Yes, **pink!**”

I walked around the office, measuring and planning. “In that corner, I want a soda-and-snack machine. And a wide-screen TV with a



video game player over there.”

Mousella scribbled notes onto a pad. “Yes, Mr. Stilton,” she said quickly. “I’ll arrange everything.”

She started to walk away. “I’m not done yet!” I shouted after her. “I want a stereo. An **enormous** one! With giant speakers. I want to make my eardrums **vibrate**!”





FUR KIDS ONLY

I left my office and walked up to the next floor. I knocked on the door marked

Fur Kids Only

I could hear **squeaks** and **giggles** coming from inside. The door opened, and I stepped in.

The room had walls streaked with bright colors and five or six desks covered in stacks of papers. All of the computers had animated screen savers: flying chunks of cheese, screaming rock singers, and whirling colors. A fur-raising rock song **blared** from the stereo. It was Fuzzy Fuzzborn's latest hit! I



could not help myself. I started dancing on the spot.

Pinky waved at me and turned down the volume. “Hi there, Boss!” she squeaked.

Merry and the other young mice on the staff ran up to me. They all had a copy of a magazine in their paws.

“This is the new issue of **Fur Kids Only**,” Merry said proudly. “Look, Fuzzy Fuzzborn’s on the cover. You haven’t forgotten about the concert tonight, have you?”

“Of course not!” I said happily. “I picked out an outfit to wear this morning. I’ve got a T-shirt with Fuzzy’s face on it.”

Pinky smiled. “You **ROCK**, Boss!” she said. “You used to be so boring.





Always with your fur in a frazzle. But you've
really loosened up. Good for you!"





DEAR BOSS . . .

This morning I got this e-mail:

A windowed computer screen displaying an e-mail message. The message is a friendly, informal note from two computer mice named Pinky and Merry to their boss. The text is as follows:

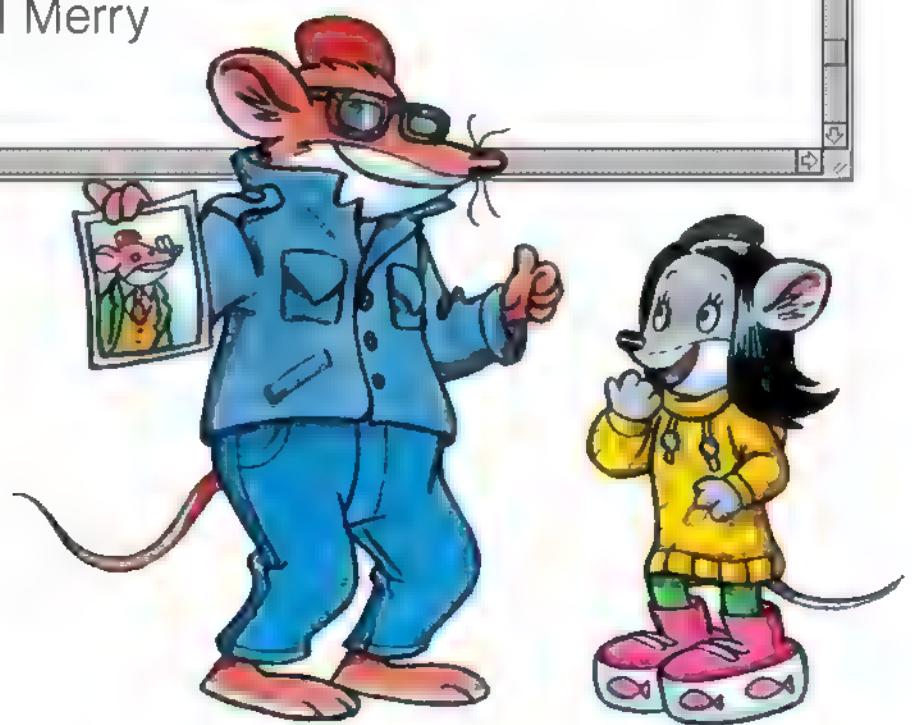
Hiya Boss,
It's Pinky and Merry here at the keyboard.
We're using our mouse, of course! :)
Our mission is accomplished! You are a
brand-new mouse.
You have a new wardrobe. A new life. No
girlfriend yet, but we are not miracle workers,
Boss. LOL!
And we both have something we have
always wanted: our own magazine!
We are fourteen. And we rule the world!
What could be better than that?

By the way, we still need to talk about our payment—or should we say, our RAISE. There are two of us, after all. Wait until you get our bill. Your fur will probably turn white with shock!

Speaking of white fur, we thought we should tell you that even though you are pretty cool, you are still old. Maybe you should take up a nice quiet hobby, like collecting cheese rinds.

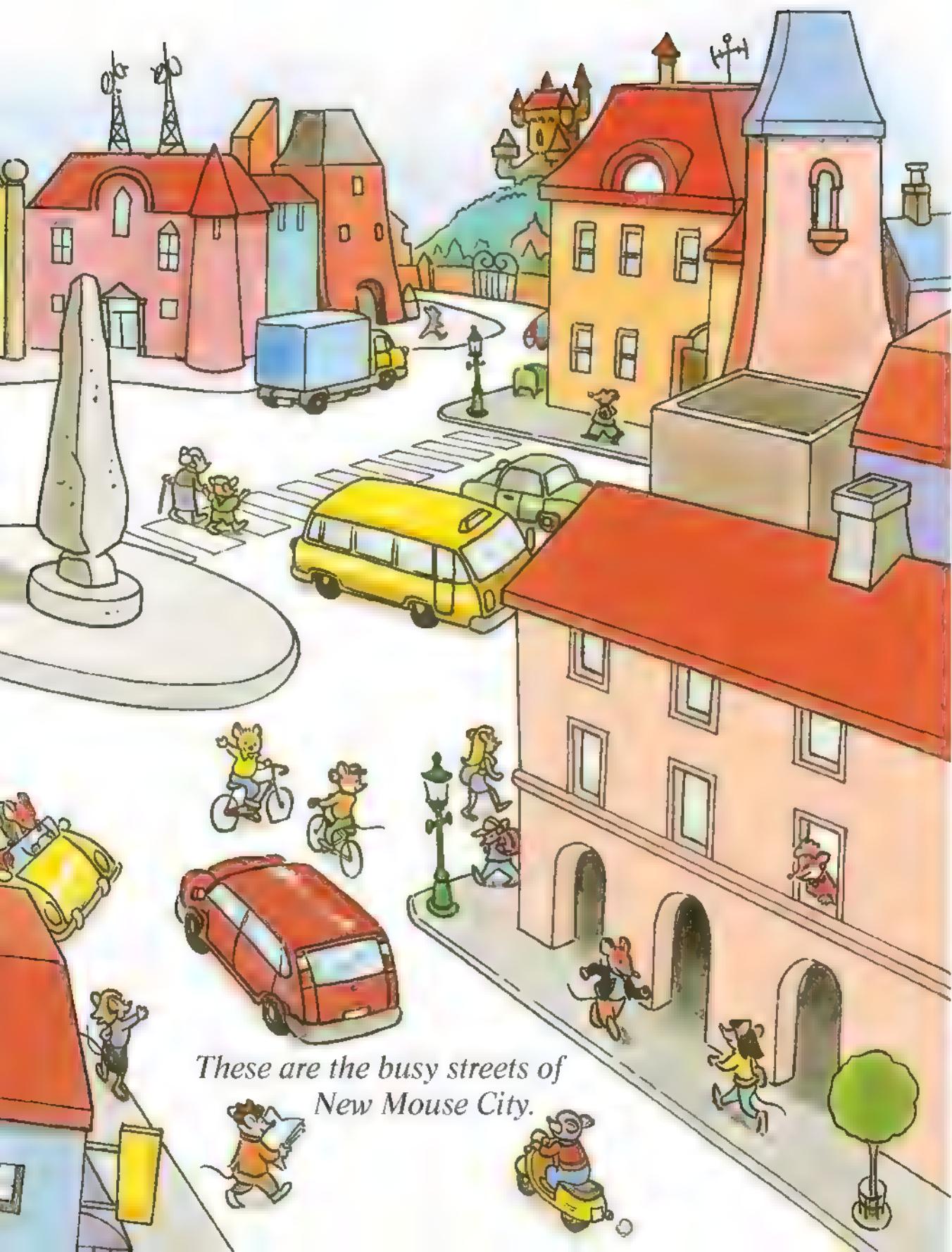
TTFN,

Pinky and Merry



Many readers ask us where we work . . .

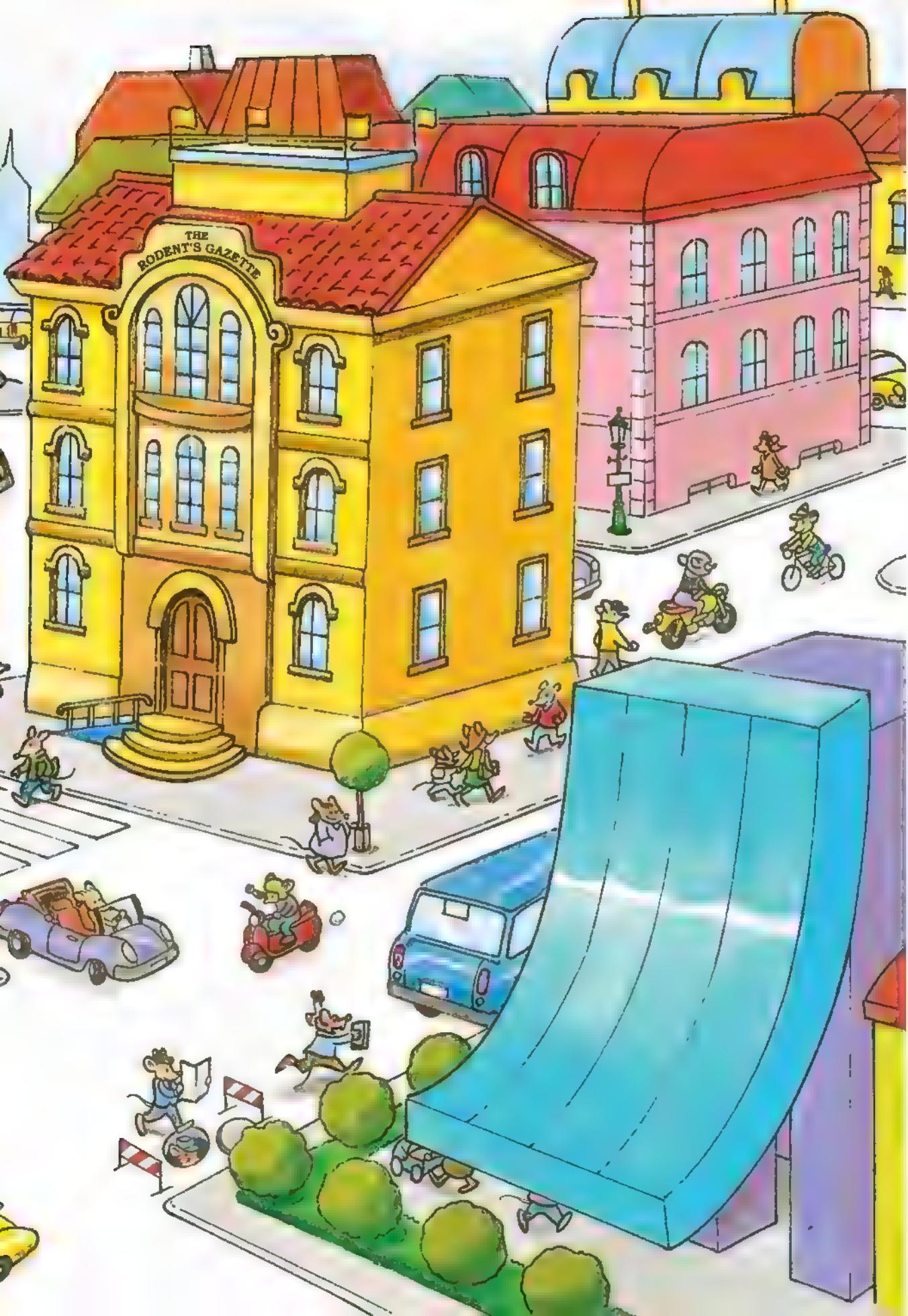




*These are the busy streets of
New Mouse City.*



This is the headquarters of The Rodent's Gazette.



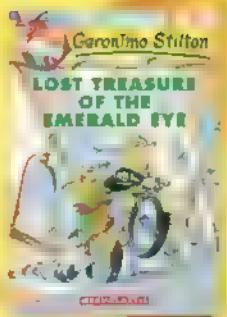
And finally, these are the offices of

Fur Kids Only.

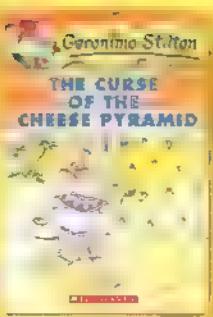




*Don't miss
any of my
fabumouse
adventures!*



**#1 Lost Treasure
of the Emerald Eye**



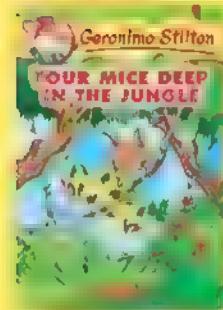
**#2 The Curse
of the Cheese
Pyramid**



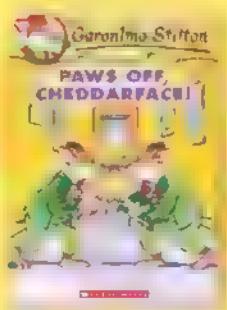
**#3 Cat and
Mouse in a
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond
of My Fur!**



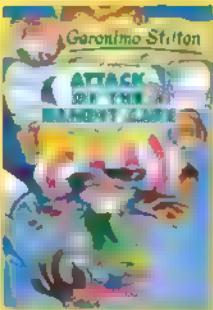
**#5 Four Mice
Deep in the Jungle**



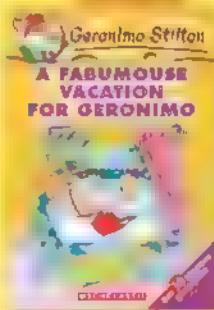
**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for
a Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for
Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of
a Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's
Halloween, You
'Fraidy Mouse!**



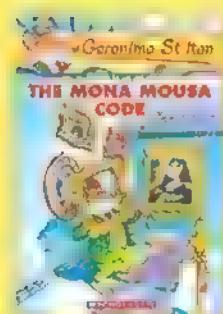
**#12 Merry
Christmas,
Geronimo!**



**#13 The Phantom
of the Subway**



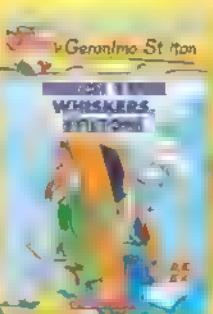
**#14 The Temple of
the Ruby of Fire**



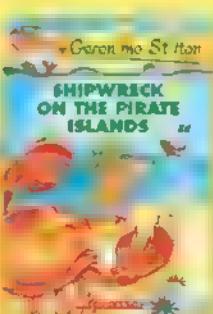
**#15 The Mona
Mousa Code**



**#16 A Cheese-
Colored Camper**



**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on
the Pirate Islands**



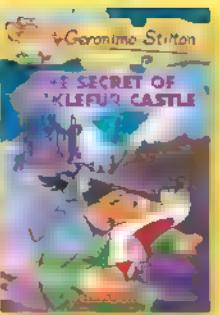
**#19 My Name Is
Stilton, Geronimo
Stilton**



#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!



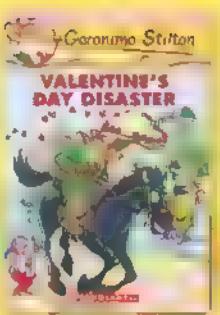
#21 The Wild,
Wild West



#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur
Castle



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's
Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to
Niagara Falls



#25 The Search
for Sunken
Treasure



#26 The Mummy
with No Name



#27 The
Christmas Toy
Factory



#28 Wedding
Crasher



#29 Down and
Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse
Island Marathon



#31 The
Mysterious
Cheese Thief



Christmas
Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the
Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo
and the Gold
Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo
Stilton, Secret
Agent



#35 A Very Merry
Christmas



#36 Geronimo's
Valentine



#37 The Race
Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



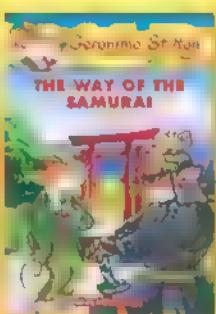
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



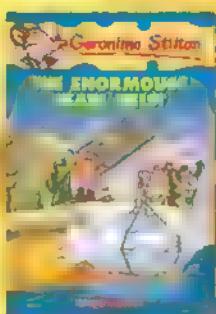
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



**Special Edition:
The Hunt for the
Golden Book**



**Check out
these exciting
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adventures!**



Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code



Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire



Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck



Thea Stilton and the
Secret City



Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris



Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure



Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways



Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure



Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle



Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt



Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express



Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows



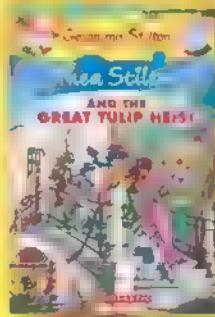
Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire
Flowers



Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission



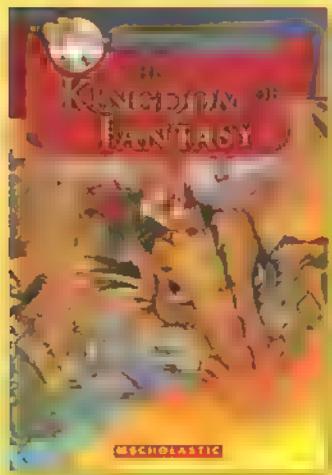
Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den



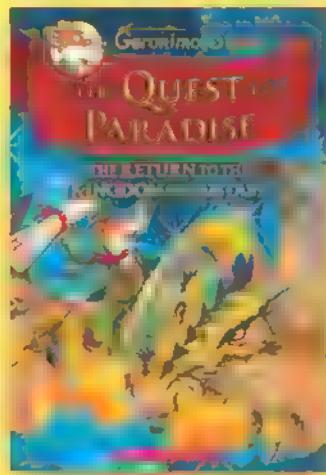
Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist



Be sure
to read all
my adventures
in the Kingdom
of Fantasy!



THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



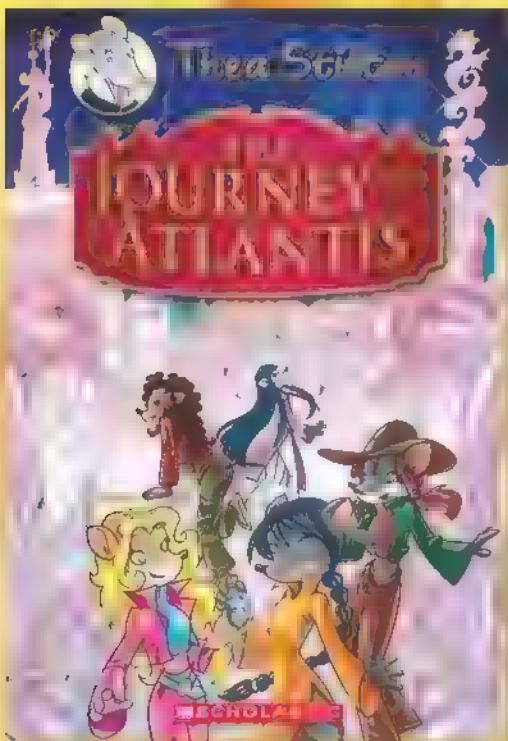
THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



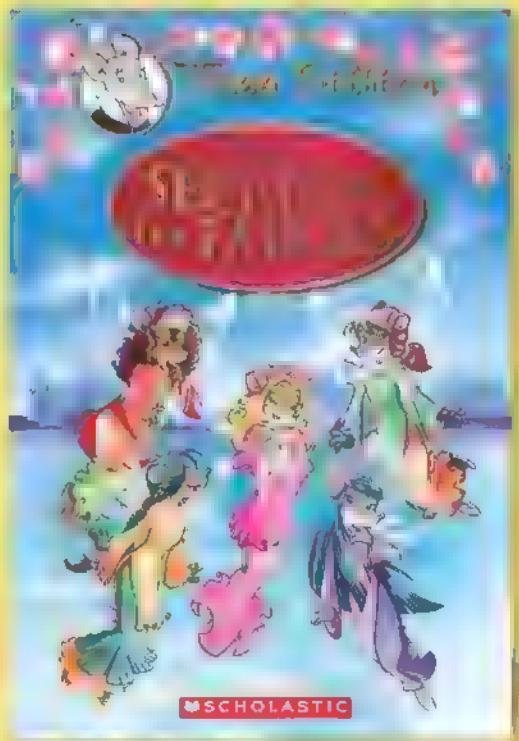
THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



Meet

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

I, Geronimo Stilton, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR!** She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing.** I'm a real **fraidy** mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **fascinating.** I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **ghostly** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



#1 The Thirteen
Ghosts



#2 Meet Me in
Harrowwood



#3 Ghost Pirate
Treasures



#4 Return of the
Vampire



#5 Fright Night



Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



#1 The Stone
of Fire

#2 Watch Your
Tail!

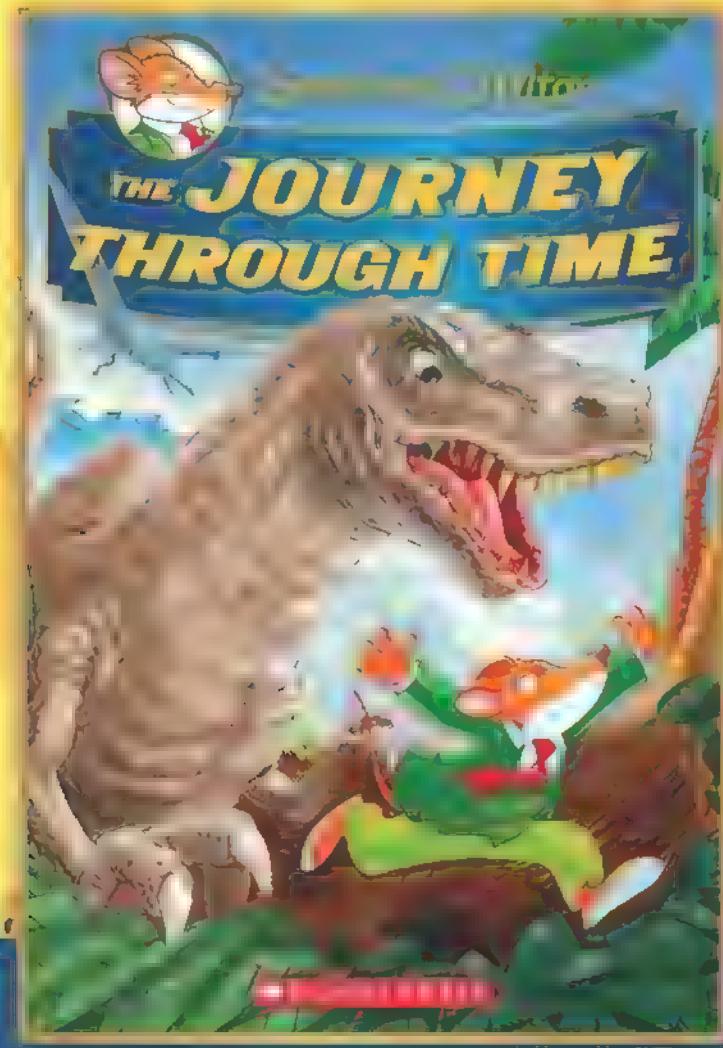
#3 Help, I'm in
Hot Lava!

#4 The Fast and
the Frozen





Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

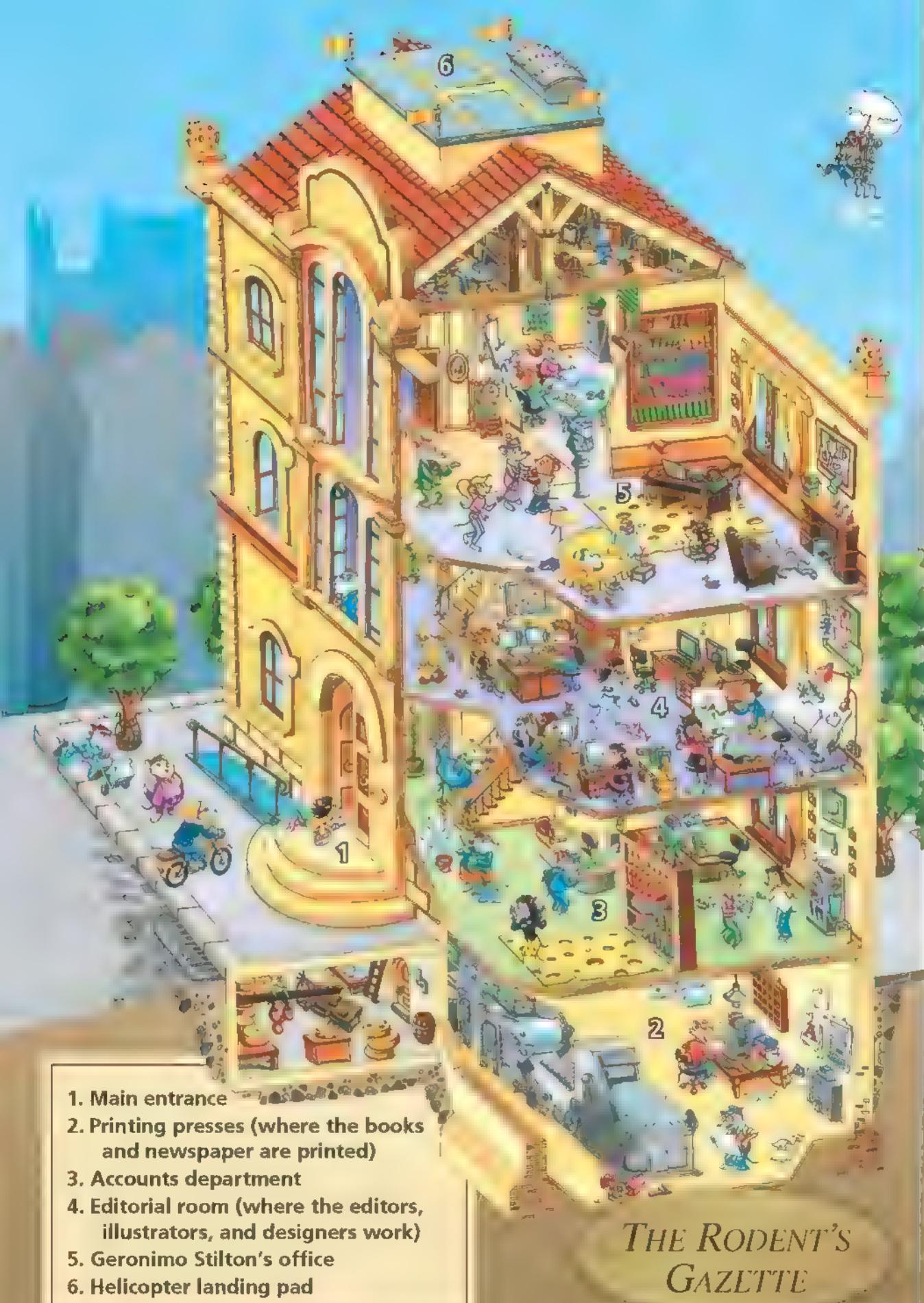
ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

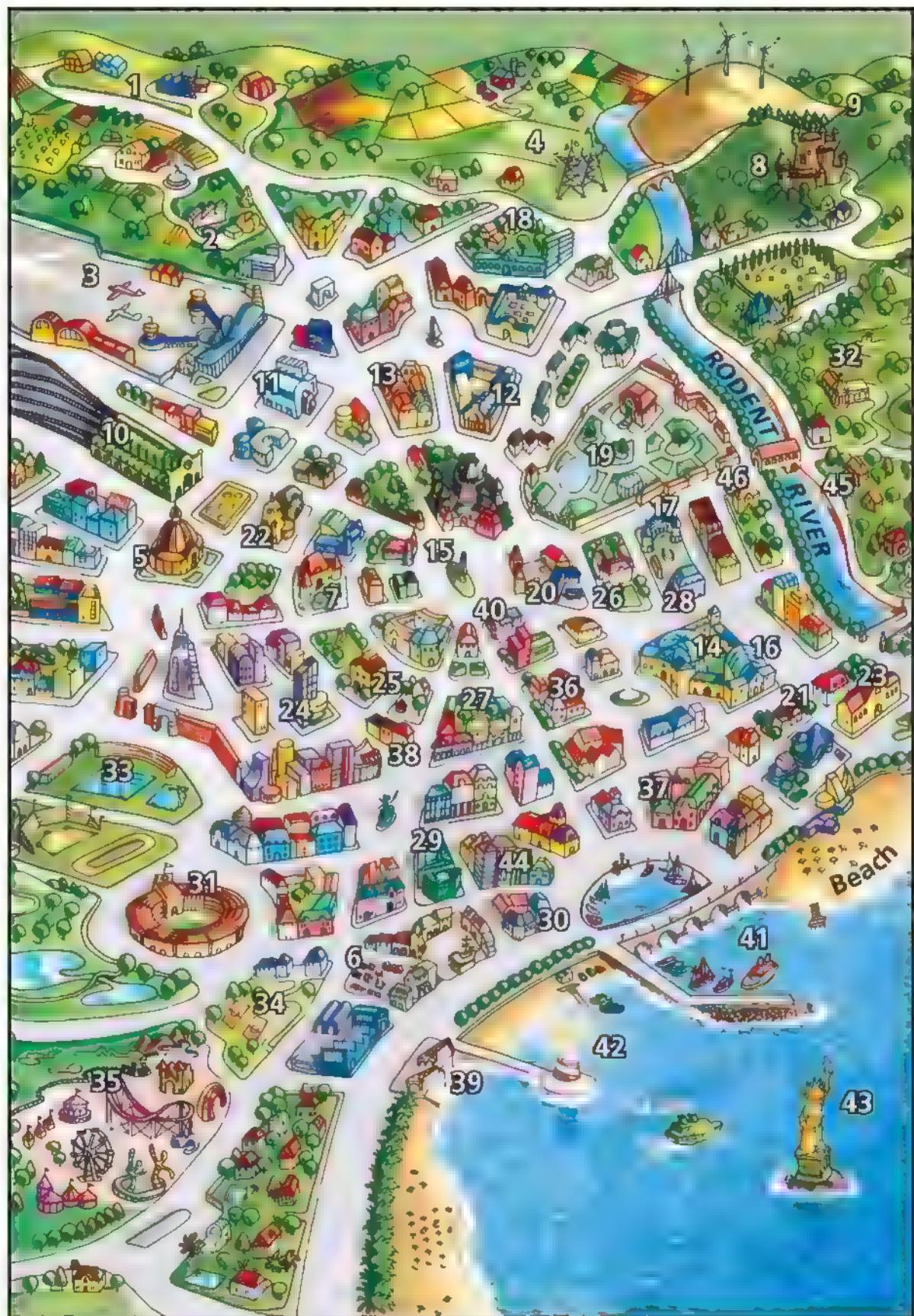
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



Map of New Mouse City

1. Industrial Zone
2. Cheese Factories
3. Angorat International Airport
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station
5. Cheese Market
6. Fish Market
7. Town Hall
8. Snotnose Castle
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island
10. Mouse Central Station
11. Trade Center
12. Movie Theater
13. Gym
14. Catnegie Hall
15. Singing Stone Plaza
16. The Gouda Theater
17. Grand Hotel
18. Mouse General Hospital
19. Botanical Gardens
20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store)
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House
22. Mouseum of Modern Art
23. University and Library
24. *The Daily Rat*
25. *The Rodent's Gazette*
26. Trap's House
27. Fashion District
28. The Mouse House Restaurant
29. Environmental Protection Center
30. Harbor Office
31. Mousidon Square Garden
32. Golf Course
33. Swimming Pool
34. Tennis Courts
35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
36. Geronimo's House
37. Historic District
38. Public Library
39. Shipyard
40. Thea's House
41. New Mouse Harbor
42. Luna Lighthouse
43. The Statue of Liberty
44. Hercule Poirat's Office
45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
46. Grandfather William's House

Brigand's Isle



Tomcat Island



This way to the Rodent Straits



Pirate ship
of Cats



Coral Reefs

This way
to the Mousific
Ocean



Stray
Cat
Harbor

Blue Dolphin
Bay

6 25 8

9 14

11 12

13 15

Cat's
Claw
Bay

Panther
Archipelago

Swissville

This way
to the
Ratlantic Ocean

San Mousisco

Mousefort Beach

Furflung Island

Cheddarton

Mouseport

New Mouse City

35 28

19 26

20 17

21 16

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33 38



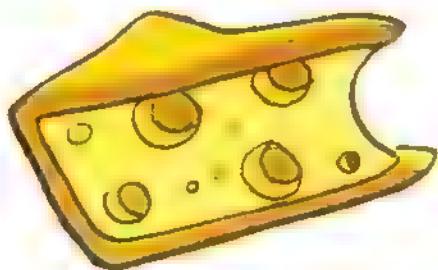
MOUSE ISLAND

This way to the Sea of Mice



Map of Mouse Island

1. Big Ice Lake	21. Lake Lakelake
2. Frozen Fur Peak	22. Lake Lakelakelake
3. Slipperyslopes Glacier	23. Cheddar Crag
4. Coldcreeps Peak	24. Cannycat Castle
5. Ratzikistan	25. Valley of the Giant
6. Transratania	Sequoia
7. Mount Vamp	26. Cheddar Springs
8. Roastedrat Volcano	27. Sulfurous Swamp
9. Brimstone Lake	28. Old Reliable Geyser
10. Poopedcat Pass	29. Vole Vale
11. Stinko Peak	30. Ravingrat Ravine
12. Dark Forest	31. Gnat Marshes
13. Vain Vampires Valley	32. Munster Highlands
14. Goose Bumps Gorge	33. Mousehara Desert
15. The Shadow Line Pass	34. Oasis of the
16. Penny Pincher Castle	Sweaty Camel
17. Nature Reserve Park	35. Cabbagehead Hill
18. Las Ratayas Marinas	36. Rattytrap Jungle
19. Fossil Forest	37. Rio Mosquito
20. Lake Lake	



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

MY NAME IS STILTON, GERONIMO STILTON

Have you met my assistant editor, Pinky Pick? She is only fourteen years old, but she is one of the cleverest mice I know. If you've ever wondered how Pinky came to work for me at *The Rodent's Gazette*, this is the book for you. It's a *looooong* story . . . and one that's full of adventure, laughs, and, of course, lots of embarrassing moments for yours truly, Geronimo Stilton!



[www.scholastic.com/
geronimostilton](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)

RL3 007-010



I **THREW** the **star** to Mick. He caught it in midair.

“You are the perfect **SHERIFF** for this city, friend,” I said.

Tears **SPRANG** to Mick’s eyes. Anyone could see he was a big mouse with **A BIG HEART**. “I’ll do my best to earn your **RESPECT**,” Mick said to the crowd.

Everyone cheered.



Suddenly, a swirling cloud of **dust** enveloped me. My head started spinning. My heart started racing. What was happening? I felt like I was flying, but I wasn't sitting in a cozy seat watching a movie. I wasn't even on an airplane!

I LET OUT A SCREAM
...WHICH





WHERE AM I?

I woke up startled.

“Where am I?” I mumbled.

I looked around.

I was in my room.

In my home.

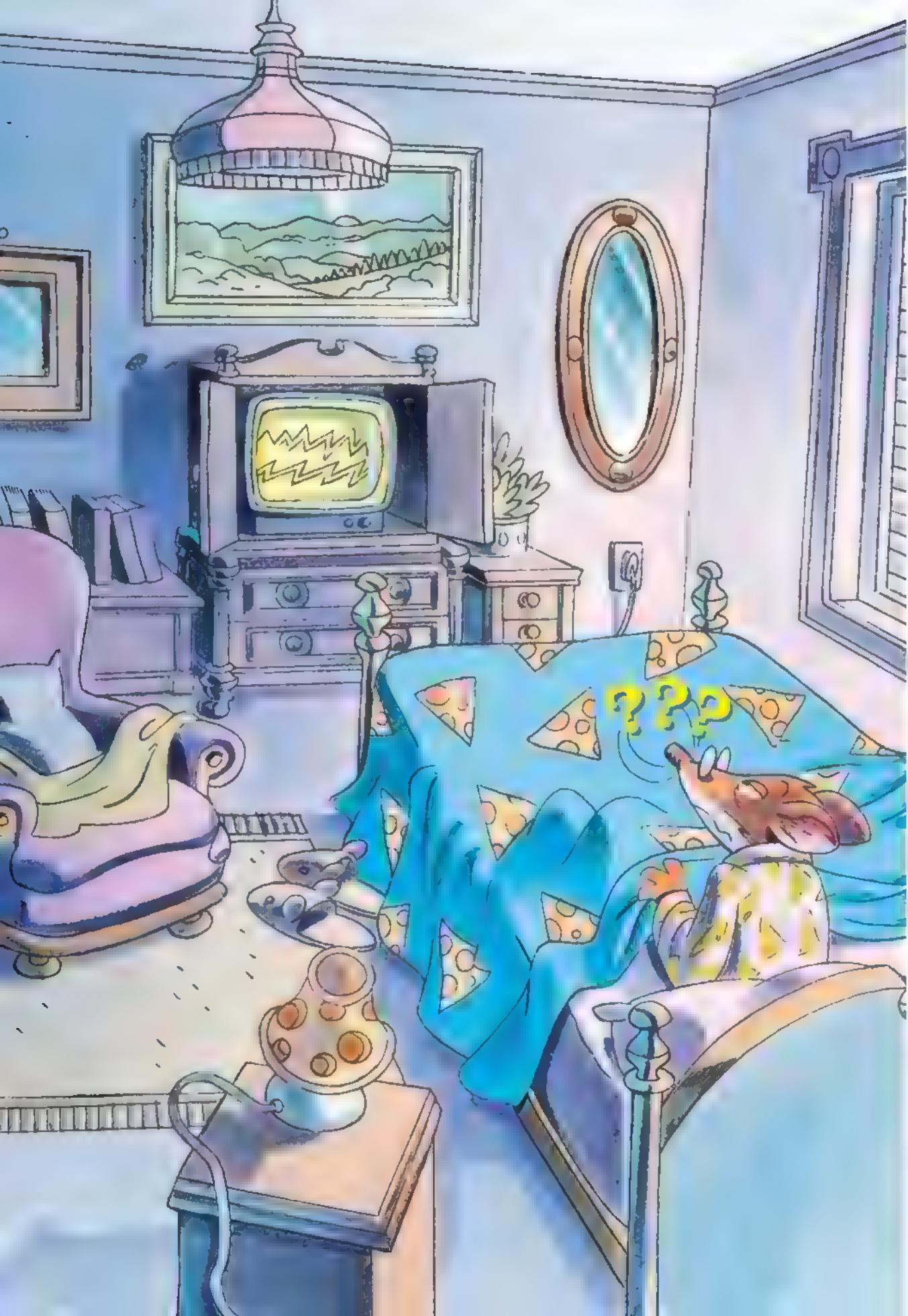
In New Mouse City!

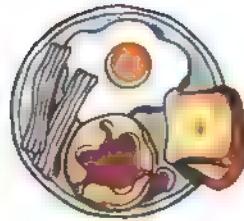
No, I was not in the Wild West after all. It was only a **dream**.

I heard a droning sound.

The TV was **ON**.

Then I remembered something. I had been watching television before I fell asleep. I was watching an adventure story about the **WILD, WILD WEST!**





“OH! SUSANNAH”

I looked for a pail...



I shuffled to the bathroom.
I looked for a pail so I could
wash my face.

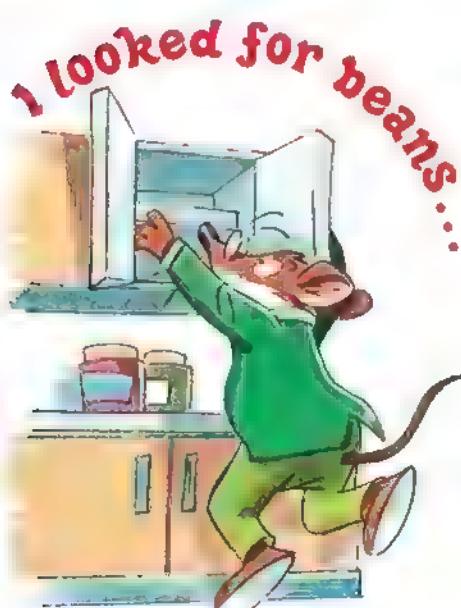
Then I remembered... I
wasn't in the Wild West.

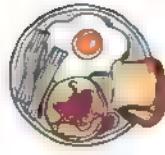
I went down to the
kitchen for **breakfast**.
I looked for a can of beans
to eat.

Then I remembered... I
wasn't in the Wild West.

I went outside. I looked
for my horse to ride to
work.

Then I remembered... I





wasn’t in the Wild West anymore.

At last I realized what was happening.

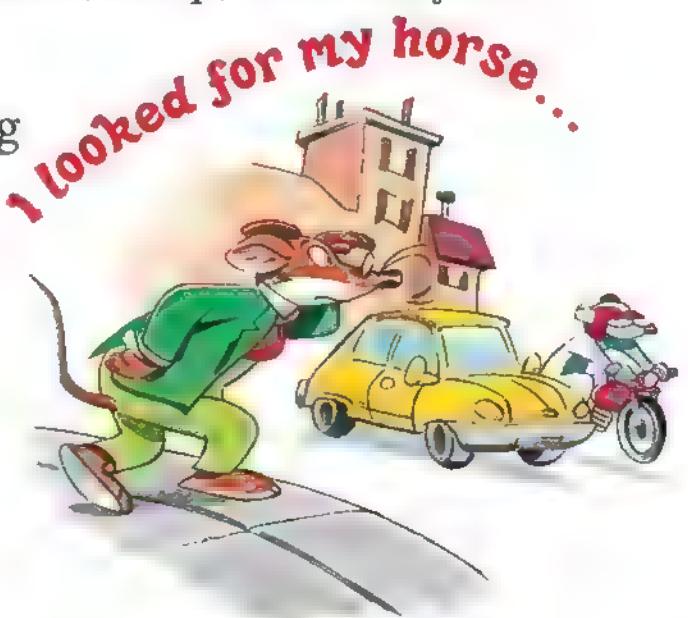
I WAS MISSING THE WILD WEST. I wanted to go back—for real.

I took a taxi to the office. I hummed “Oh! Susannah” as we zoomed along. It seemed as if there were a thousand cars on the street. Rodents beeped. Brakes screeched. What a rat race! I needed a break.

That’s when I got an idea. No, not just any idea. A great, perfect, fabumouse idea!

I raced up the stairs of *The Rodent’s Gazette*. I called Thea, Trap, and Benjamin into my office.

“I feel like taking a **TRIP**,” I announced. “Who wants to go with me





to the **WILD, WILD WEST?**”

Of course, everyone wanted to go. My family loves to travel. And they love adventure.

Trap pushed me toward the door. “Good for you, Germeister!” he chuckled. “It’s about time you stopped being a **scaredy** mouse. You’re gonna love the **WILD, WILD WEST!**”

I rolled my eyes. But then I smiled. I had to admit; for once, I knew my cousin was right.

Now if I could just get him to stop calling me Germeister . . .

Let's go to the Wild, Wild West!





THE ABC'S OF THE WILD WEST

BRIDLE: a horse's headgear, which carries the bit and reins that the rider uses to guide the horse.

BUNKHOUSE: a very simple wooden building where the ranch hands slept.

CANTER: a horse's three-beat gait that resembles a gallop but is smoother and slower.

CORRAL: an enclosure or pen where livestock is kept. Corral is also what the settlers called the circle of wagons formed by wagon trains when they stopped to rest during a long trip.

COWBOY: a cattle ranch hand who tends the livestock from horseback. Cowboys were experts in driving a herd along trails that stretched for miles among the western United States.

GAIT: the sequence of footsteps a horse takes when it moves forward, such as a canter, gallop, trot, rack, pace, or walk.

GALLOP: a horse's fast three-beat gait. When your horse gallops, it seems as if you're flying!





LASSO: a rope or long thong of leather with a slip noose, used to catch horses and cattle. Roping is one of the many skills that cowboys needed in their work.

LIVESTOCK TRAILS: paths cowboys used when driving herds of livestock to market. These trails were many miles long, and a cattle drive could take several weeks to complete.

MUSTANG: a wild horse of the western plains. It is small and hardy, a descendant of horses brought to North America by the Spaniards.

RANCH: a large farm for raising horses, cattle, or sheep.

REINS: the straps used by a rider to guide a horse. The reins are fastened to a bit in the horse's mouth.

RODEO: a public contest among cowboys showing the skills they use in their work, such as riding bucking broncos and bulls, roping calves, and wrestling steers to the ground.

SADDLE: a padded and usually leather-covered seat for a horseback rider. The saddle is kept in place by straps that go around the horse's belly.





SALOON: a typical gathering place in the Wild West where people ate, played cards, listened to music, and danced.

SHERIFF: a law officer whose main jobs are to keep order and make sure no laws are being broken.

SPURS: pointed metal pieces attached to a horseback rider's boot heels. A cowboy would urge his horse by pressing the spurs into the horse's side.

STAGECOACH: a carriage, usually drawn by a six-horse team, that transported passengers and mail in the old West.

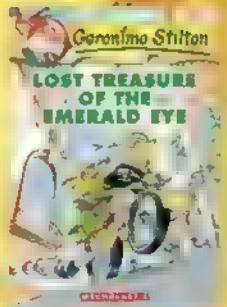
TAME: to train a wild animal so that it gets used to being around humans.

THOROUGHBRED: a valuable horse whose ancestors are English mares and Arabian stallions. Thoroughbreds are light and fast, so they are used especially for racing.

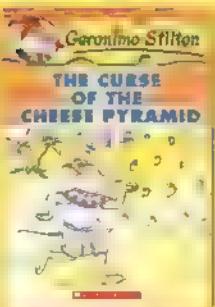
TROT: a horse's medium-fast two-beat gait. The horse moves its feet in diagonal pairs—just as humans swing their arms as they walk.



**Don't miss
any of my
fabumouse
adventures!**



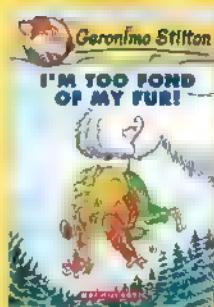
**#1 Lost Treasure
of the Emerald Eye**



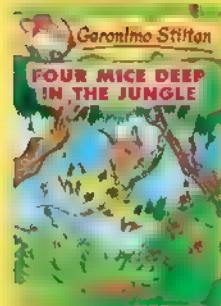
**#2 The Curse
of the Cheese
Pyramid**



**#3 Cat and
Mouse in a
Haunted House**



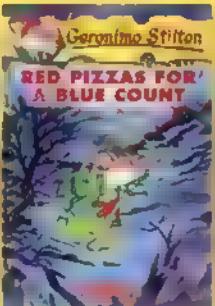
**#4 I'm Too Fond
of My Fur!**



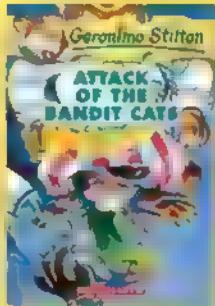
**#5 Four Mice
Deep in the Jungle**



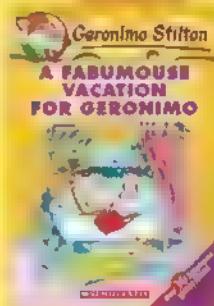
**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for
a Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for
Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of
a Cup of Coffee**



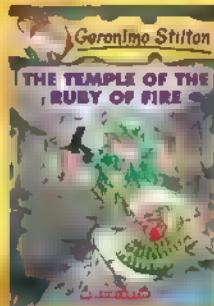
**#11 It's
Halloween, You
'Fraidy Mouse!'**



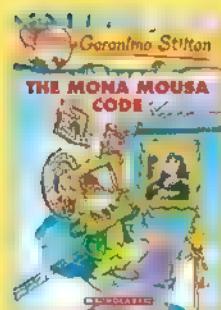
**#12 Merry
Christmas,
Geronimo!**



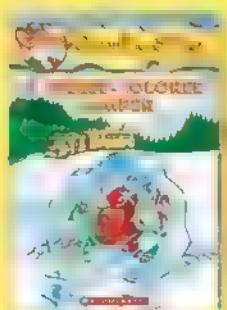
**#13 The Phantom
of the Subway**



**#14 The Temple of
the Ruby of Fire**



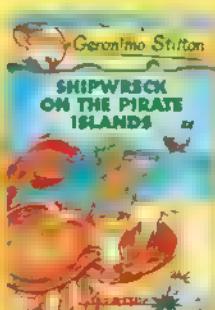
**#15 The Mona
Mousa Code**



**#16 A Cheese-
Colored Camper**



**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on
the Pirate Islands**



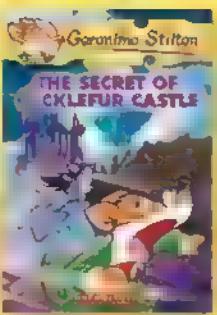
**#19 My Name Is
Stilton, Geronimo
Stilton**



#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!



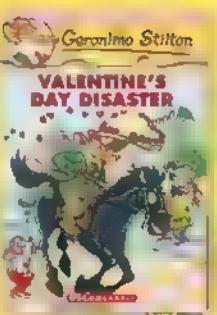
#21 The Wild,
Wild West



#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur
Castle



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's
Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to
Niagara Falls



#25 The Search
for Sunken
Treasure



#26 The Mummy
with No Name



#27 The
Christmas Toy
Factory



#28 Wedding
Crasher



#29 Down and
Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse
Island Marathon



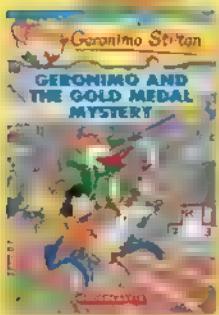
#31 The
Mysterious
Cheese Thief



Christmas
Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the
Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo
and the Gold
Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo
Stilton, Secret
Agent



#35 A Very Merry
Christmas



#36 Geronimo's
Valentine



#37 The Race
Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



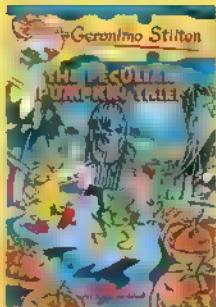
#39 Singing Sensation



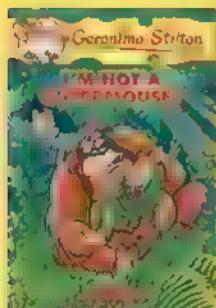
#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



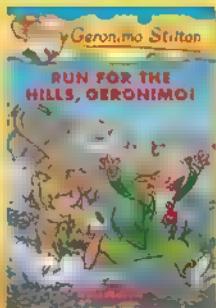
#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



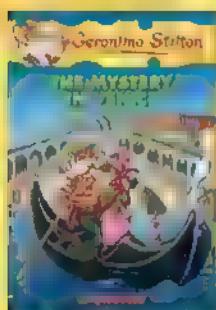
#45 Save the White Whale!



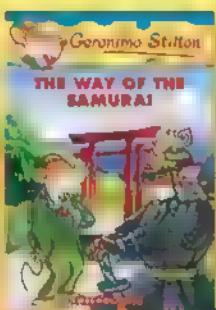
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



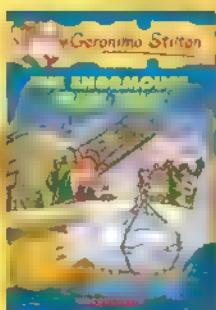
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



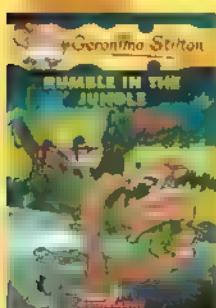
#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



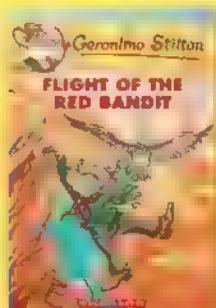
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



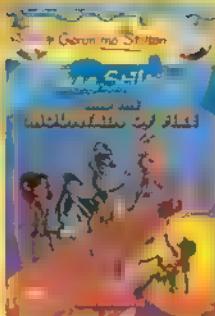
**Special Edition:
The Hunt for the
Golden Book**



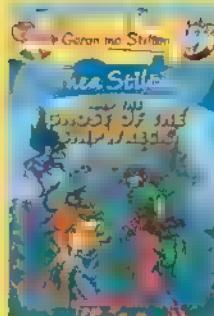
**Check out
these exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code



Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire



Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck



Thea Stilton and the
Secret City



Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris



Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure



Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways



Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure



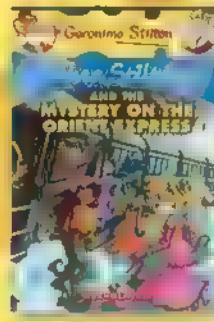
Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle



Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt



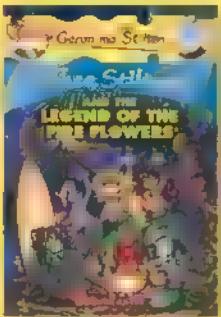
Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express



Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows



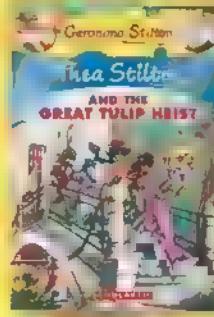
Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire
Flowers



Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission



Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den



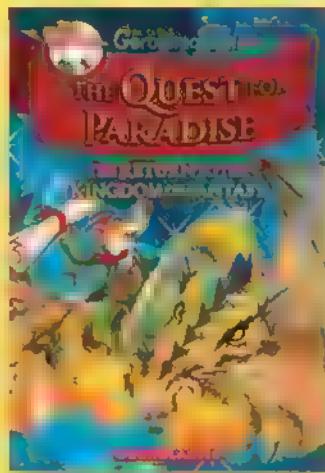
Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist



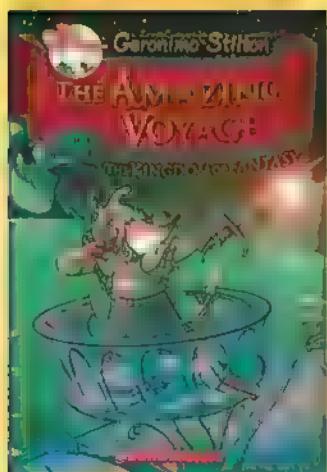
BE SURE
TO READ ALL
MY ADVENTURES
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY!



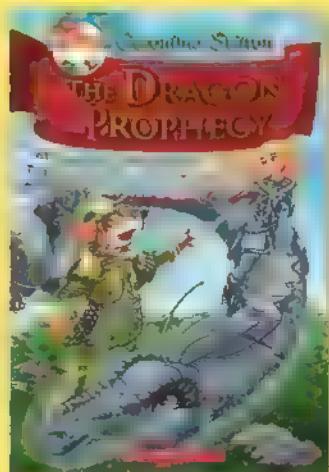
THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



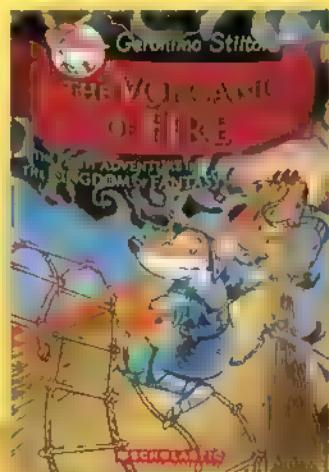
THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



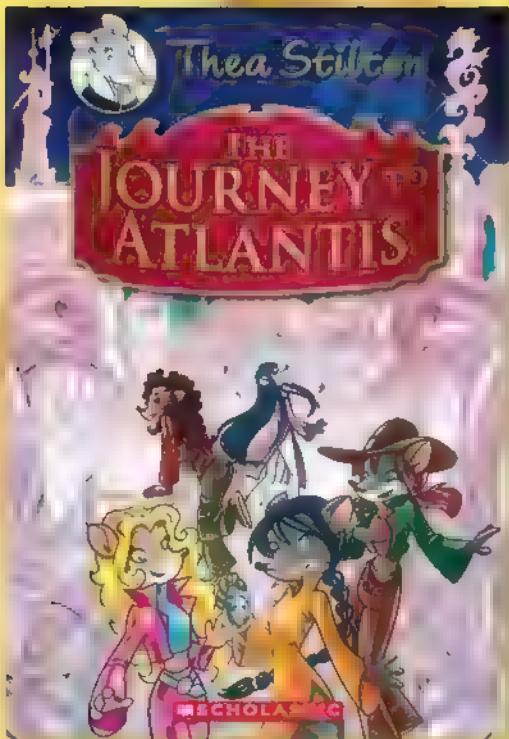
THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



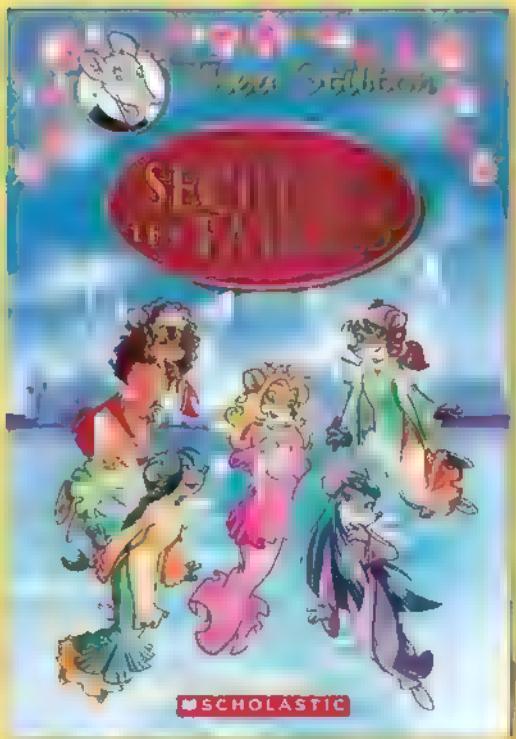
THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



Meet CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

I, *Geronimo Stilton*, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR!** She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**. **YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **fa-mouse-ly funny** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



#1 The Thirteen
Ghosts



#2 Meet Me in
Horrorwood



#3 Ghost Pirate
Treasure



#4 Return of the
Vampire

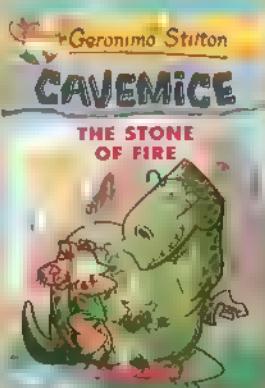
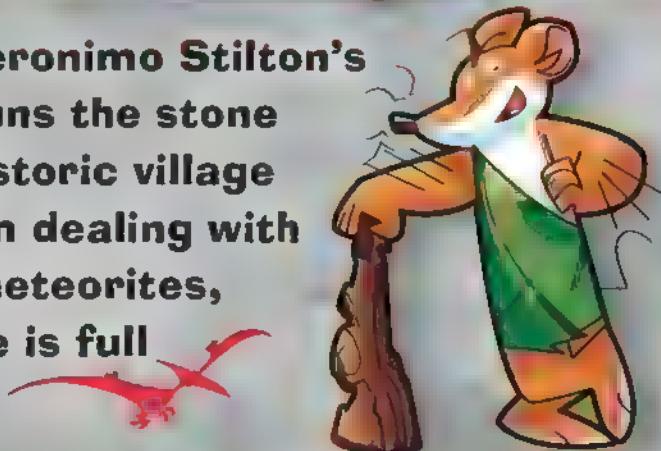


#5 Fright Night



Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

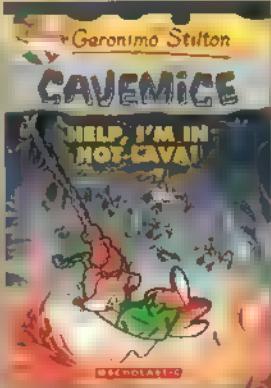
He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



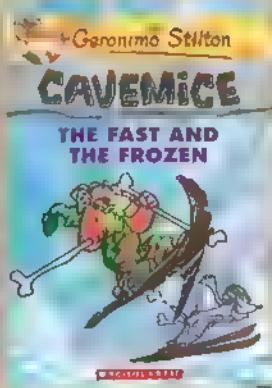
#1 The Stone
of Fire



#2 Watch Your
Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in
Hot Lava!

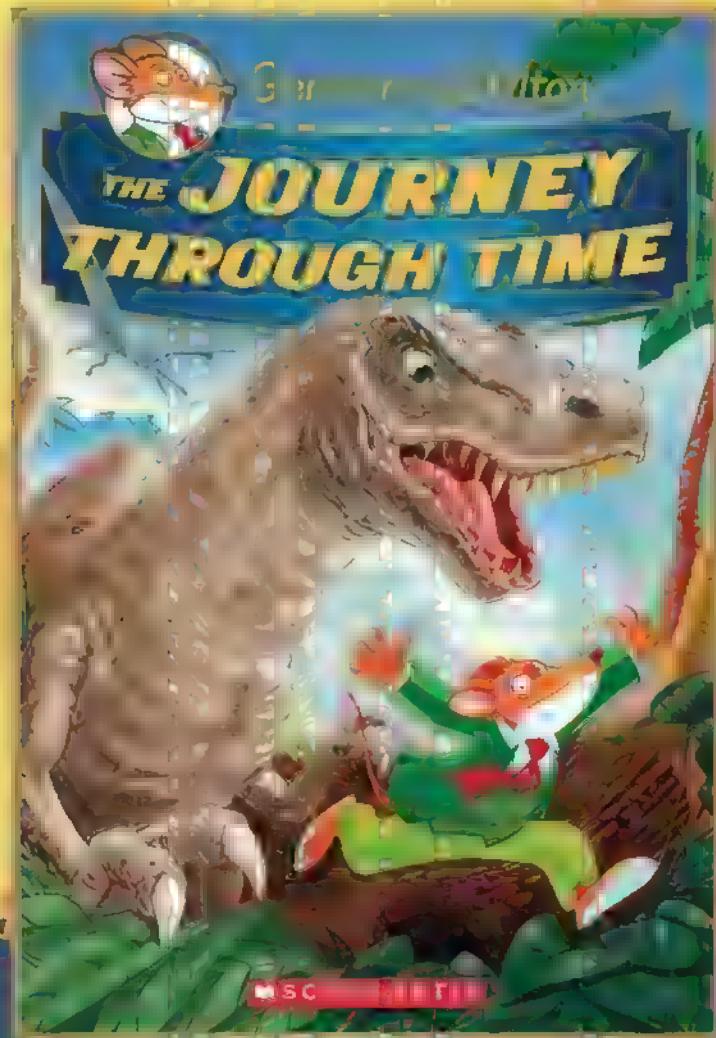


#4 The Fast and
the Frozen





Join me and my friends on
a journey through time in
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

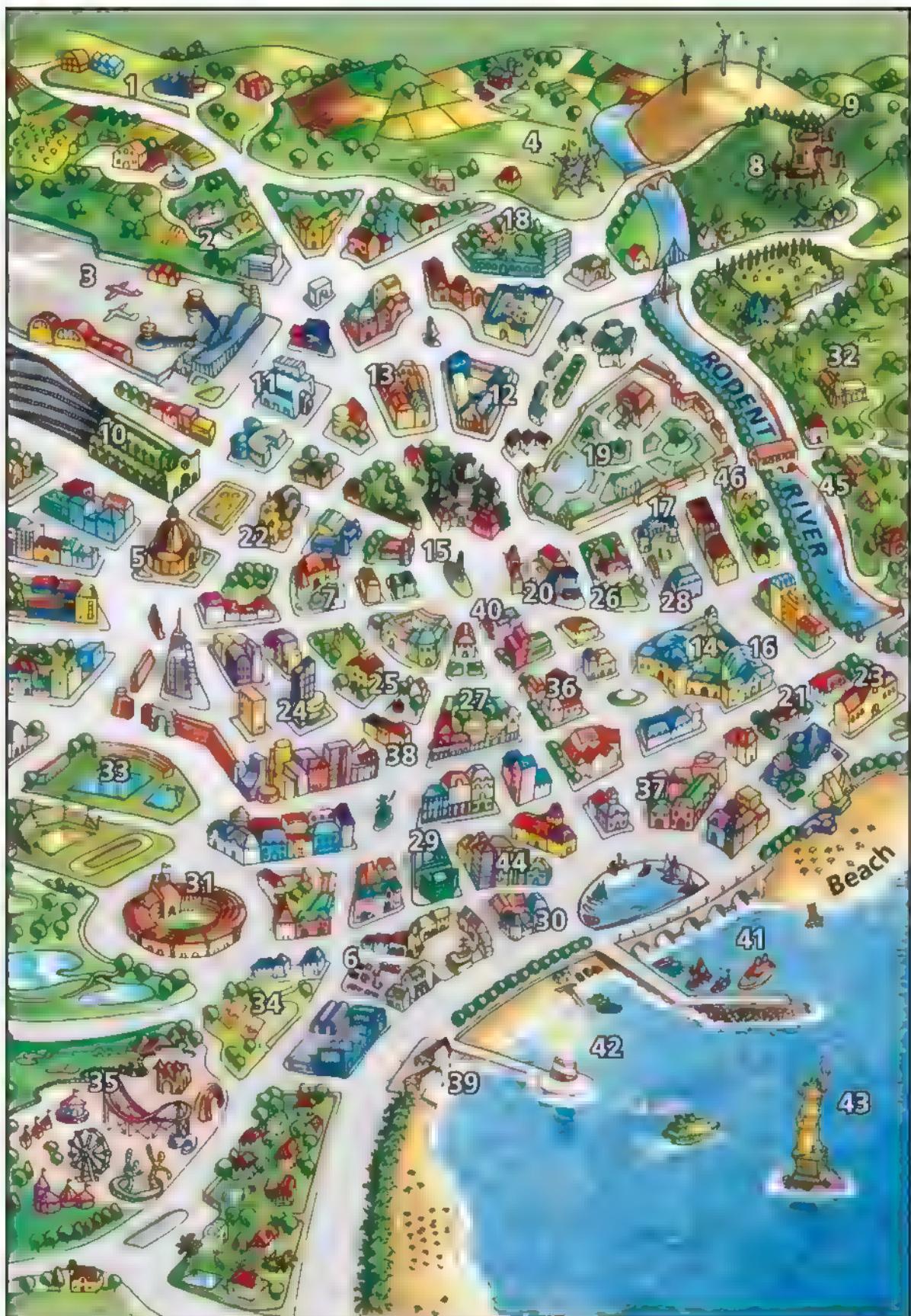
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



Map of New Mouse City

1. Industrial Zone
2. Cheese Factories
3. Angorat International Airport
4. WRAT Radio and Television Station
5. Cheese Market
6. Fish Market
7. Town Hall
8. Snotnose Castle
9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island
10. Mouse Central Station
11. Trade Center
12. Movie Theater
13. Gym
14. Catnegie Hall
15. Singing Stone Plaza
16. The Gouda Theater
17. Grand Hotel
18. Mouse General Hospital
19. Botanical Gardens
20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store)
21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House
22. Mouseum of Modern Art
23. University and Library
24. *The Daily Rat*
25. *The Rodent's Gazette*
26. Trap's House
27. Fashion District
28. The Mouse House Restaurant
29. Environmental Protection Center
30. Harbor Office
31. Mousidon Square Garden
32. Golf Course
33. Swimming Pool
34. Tennis Courts
35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park
36. Geronimo's House
37. Historic District
38. Public Library
39. Shipyard
40. Thea's House
41. New Mouse Harbor
42. Luna Lighthouse
43. The Statue of Liberty
44. Hercule Poirat's Office
45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House
46. Grandfather William's House

Brigand's Isle



Tomcat Island



This way to the Rodent Straits



Pirate ship
of Cats



Coral Reefs

This way
to the Mousific
Ocean

Blue Dolphin
Bay

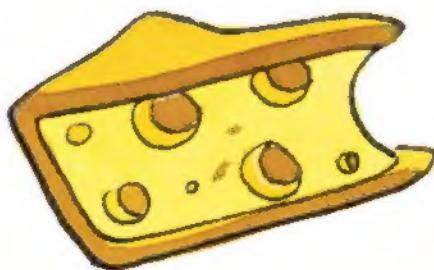


Stray
Cat
Harbor



Map of Mouse Island

1. Big Ice Lake	21. Lake Lakelake
2. Frozen Fur Peak	22. Lake Lakelakelake
3. Slipperyslopes Glacier	23. Cheddar Crag
4. Coldcreeps Peak	24. Cannycat Castle
5. Ratzikistan	25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia
6. Transratania	26. Cheddar Springs
7. Mount Vamp	27. Sulfurous Swamp
8. Roastedrat Volcano	28. Old Reliable Geyser
9. Brimstone Lake	29. Vole Vale
10. Poopedcat Pass	30. Ravingrat Ravine
11. Stinko Peak	31. Gnat Marshes
12. Dark Forest	32. Munster Highlands
13. Vain Vampires Valley	33. Mousehara Desert
14. Goose Bumps Gorge	34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel
15. The Shadow Line Pass	35. Cabbagehead Hill
16. Penny Pincher Castle	36. Rattytrap Jungle
17. Nature Reserve Park	37. Rio Mosquito
18. Las Ratayas Marinas	
19. Fossil Forest	
20. Lake Lake	



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

THE WILD, WILD WEST

Rat-munching rattlesnakes, was I excited! I was on a wagon train to the wild, wild West. But before you could say "hi-ho, cowboy," I found myself in a showdown with the wickedest rat in all of Cactus City. All I wanted was to ride off into the sunset with the wind in my whiskers . . . but the way things were going, I'd be lucky to escape with my tail!



[www.scholastic.com/
geronimostilton](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)

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